The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1927 No. 3239

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 95
EDITORIALS:
Nicaragua's New Bondage 98
To Disarm, Disarm 99
Hoboken Takes a Joke 99
A Rare Citizen 100
GENEVA. By Hendrik Willem van Loon 101
BRITAIN'S FOLLY TOWARD RUSSIA. By J. Ramsay MacDonald 102
ENGLAND—TOO BITTER TO COMPROMISE? By Freda Kirchwey 103
THE NORTHWEST STANDS PAT. By Robert S. Allen 104
WHY THE MODERN WOMAN IS UNIQUE. By Ellsworth Huntington. 105
HAVE YOU A LITTLE MS.? By Johan Smertenko 108
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 111
CORRESPONDENCE 112
BOOKS AND MUSIC
This Rock. By Hal Saunders White 114
The Great German Puzzle. By Oswald Garrison Villard 114
Equal Responsibility. By Harry Elmer Barnes 114
Fiction, Not Literature. By Llewelyn Powys 115
A Critique of Science. By Paul Weiss 115
The Constitution Today. By Jane Perry Clark 116
Finis Coronat Opus. By Carleton Beals 116
Books in Brief 117
The Beethoven Festival at Bonn. By Henrietta Straus 118
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Industrial Exploration: III. Charting the World's Resources. By Benton MacKaye 119

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MANAGING EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, it seems to us, descends to lower and lower levels in his Western antics. Now he has been photographed and filmed as a placer-miner washing for gold in a stream to which years ago there was a wild rush of fortune-seekers, and as a fisherman (without worms). To show how his publicity technique has grown, the dispatches report that when he fouled his line on a bush he called to the camera men to cut that out. Even some of his greatest admirers admit that he has not been upholding the dignity of his high office since he went to the Black Hills and began his circus performances in the hope that he could charm the Western farmers into forgetting their woes. The press, too, continues quite outspoken. Thus, the New York *Evening Post*, a mouthpiece of Cyrus H. K. Curtis of *Saturday Evening Post* fame, declares that neither East nor West "really liked or approved the cowboy stunt," this after quoting with approval some sarcastic remarks by the Racine *Journal-News*. It then adds, "there ought to be a warning signal hoisted in the Black Hills when East and West are at one in declaring that they do not at all like the particular brand of publicity being used there." We cannot, however, feel any real surprise at the President's performances. From the day when he stole the credit for stopping the Boston police strike he has known that you can put anything over on the American public of today. Why should he stop at public play-acting, not to say buffoonery? We notice with interest, however, that a Washington news service entirely devoted to him has sent out the tip that official Washington is now not so sure after all that Mr. Coolidge will be renominated.

THE EARL OF OXFORD, whom the world will continue to recognize more easily as H. H. Asquith, recently excused himself from attendance at a summer assembly of English Liberals on the plea of "physical immobility." This was in effect an announcement of the final withdrawal from public activity of one who had filled a prominent place in England for a full generation: the man who as head of the Government in 1914 carried the British Empire into the war, the last of the Gladstonian Liberals. At 75 years of age Lord Oxford lies stricken. Paralysis has broken a constitution which was the envy of his contemporaries in Parliament; and the man whose boast it was that for thirty years he never missed a public engagement on account of ill health will not again appear on the platform or speak from his place in the House of Lords. His retirement is not an event of any political consequence, for Lord Oxford had clearly hung on as party leader too long, and in his last encounter with Lloyd George, after the general strike of 1926, he was out-maneuvered by his younger rival and humiliated through the pettiness of his immediate associates. Since the great constitutional battle over the House of Peers sixteen years ago English Liberalism has owed him little. The Asquith mind was the mind of 1880, or 1850, indescribably remote from the issues, the movements, and the interests of today. Moreover, we cannot forget that it was Asquith who gave way over Ireland, over conscription, and over post-war free trade (in the Paris resolutions of 1915), so that in a just accounting Liberals must admit that the capitulation in respect of their vital principles was made by their own nominal champion. There is, however, this to be said, with emphasis and respect. The last of the old Liberal prime ministers belongs to the great parliamentary line, in that he has cherished a fine ideal of national service, has wielded an impressive weapon of eloquence, and was never known to be guilty of a word or a personal action which his opponents could object to as tending to the cheapening of political life.

"LET'S GO HOME, MAMMA; I'M HUNGRY," said five-year-old Michael, Rumania's new king immediately after his inauguration. If he reigns as long as Queen Victoria he will never make a more appropriate speech. Kings don't; they can't. They belong by definition to a tinselled picture-world, and it was only an accident that a palace guard overheard and repeated the tired little king's human plea. Rumania is not ruled by kings; it never was. It is ruled by its landed gentry, relics of feudal Europe, and kings and queens and princesses are mere paid puppets. Their speeches are written for them —sometimes in tongues they barely know. Michael speaks French, German, and English, the reports say—there is no hint that he speaks the tongue of the Rumanians. His great-uncle, Rumania's first king, was a poverty-stricken

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hohenzollern prince before the Rumanian nobles hired him to head their state. Michael's grandfather Ferdinand never had real power. He was not even allowed to marry the woman he loved—though Carmen Sylva, the old queen, supported his plea—but was forced to mate with Queen Marie, whom, according to most accounts, he hated to the end. Marie's eldest son Carol had more than a streak of his father's humanness. During the war he left the front to marry the daughter of a commoner. His employers forced the dissolution of that marriage and paired him with a Greek princess, Michael's mother, but Carol escaped the country and refused to return. He refused to be bribed back to the dull life of royalty. So his son is king, and behind the scenes—a little more visibly than when King Ferdinand was alive—Premier Bratiano, millionaire landowner, continues to pull the strings.

J. B. POWELL, American editor of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, continues to be punished for his opposition to military intervention in China. The British-American Tobacco Company withdrew its advertising, then the National City Bank. The biggest American bank now advertises in Shanghai only in the violently interventionist British organ, the *North China Daily News*. *The Nation*, inquiring whether such matters of policy were determined in Shanghai or in New York, received in reply this masterpiece of verbose evasion, signed by Lee E. Olwell, vice-president of the National City Bank:

> Answering your question, in the operation of our foreign branches, the problem of local advertising is decided, as far as certain cities are concerned, by Head Office, and in the case of other branches, by the branch manager on the ground, or, more often, when the managers are at Head Office for conference.
>
> We have no hard-and-fast rule as to whether Head Office or Local Office should exercise control. Head Office is sometimes completely guided by the local manager's advice, and sometimes only partly. We at Head Office find it impossible to keep thoroughly au courant with changing conditions in regard to publications and advertising problems in the cities throughout the world, and look to our managers for information and cooperation in this respect.

The letter sounded as if "Head Office" had something to conceal. And it did. We learn that the letter cancelling the National City Bank's advertising contract with the *China Weekly Review* came from New York. It is the Wall Street head office of the bank which is putting the screws upon an American editor who dares stand for Americanism in China despite the local clamor of Briticized Shanghailanders.

JAPAN'S POPULATION is increasing at the rate of nearly 900,000 a year. Since the production of rice and barley, Japan's staple foods, does not keep pace, the Government has appointed a huge commission of fifty-odd members to investigate the food and population problems. Its product can be foretold. It will recommend further encouragement to settlers in the thinly populated districts of Hokkaido, Korea, and Formosa, where no one wants to go, and the cultivation at home of waste—and economically ineffective—lands. The problem will continue; for it is fundamentally a part of Japan's delayed industrial revolution. As long ago as 1732 Japan supported a population of 30 millions. Great Britain and Ireland in 1801 had only 16 millions; they have 47 millions today—and it is the industrial revolution which has made this three-fold increase possible. Japan's population has not doubled in two centuries—and her industrial revolution has hardly begun. If industrialization continues she will become more and more dependent on foreign foodstuffs. "Overpopulation" is a much-abused term. In modern times "overpopulation" is usually a symptom of industrial prosperity. Rhode Island is more densely populated than any part of Japan; the most crowded part of China is the prosperous Canton delta. It is, however, distressing that the human race, faced with the possibility of greater ease and leisure, unconcernedly breeds itself back into a misery approaching that of the past. A high birth rate is no sign of wisdom. Surely the French are in that respect the most civilized people on earth.

JOSEPH PAUL CUCKOSCHAY was defeated the other evening by William Harrison Dempsey, or if you prefer to give them their ring names, Jack Sharkey was knocked out by Jack Dempsey. That is clear enough. But behold how the sporting world talks of this: "The Manassa Mauler showered blows upon the Garrulous Gob's body"; this was resented by the "Loquacious Lithuanian and he countered to Jack's head." "The Tiger landed several lefts to the Sailor's midriff and a sharp exchange followed," etc etc. Forty-five seconds of the seventh round had passed when the "Manassa Mauler landed the deciding blow, a solid left to Jack's jaw," which sent the "bold blustering, trombone-tooting Boston Bucko into oblivion." At this point we thought that this must refer to two other men, but our sport-dialect interpreter declares that it was really Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Sharkey who were fighting all the time.

MOST NORTHERN NEGROES stay "in their place." Yet even such perfect behavior is not enough to satisfy the American citizens of Seabright, New Jersey. In Seabright Negroes, decorous or indecorous, are simply not wanted, and if they do not realize this, well, we have a John Hall story. About three months ago Hall opposed a Klan lynching of another Negro near his home in Smithfield, Virginia. Following this he moved north to Seabright, hoping that he would be able to live peaceably. The Virginia Klan, however, determined that his "crime" should follow him and they forwarded his Virginia "anti-lynching record" to the Seabright Klan officials. Hall then received a threat telling him to leave town; he stayed and received more threats. Gradually this duress made him morose and melancholy and, finally, violently insane. The New Jersey State Hospital, however, refused to admit Hall because he was not a "legal" resident. Since the residents of Seabright did not want an insane man running wild in the community, there was only one thing left: John Hall's relatives must take him back to Smithfield. This they were induced to do, and now, having ousted Hall, the Jersey Klan is happy. And why not? It has discovered a new technique for getting rid of intelligent and outspoken and, therefore, undesirable Negroes.

AT LAST there is a sign of revolt against the increasing lawlessness of our police forces. From Wichita, Kansas, comes the good news that thirty-seven of the leading members of the bar of that city have organized to "de-Russianize the Police Department." Whether that slur on Russia is justified or not, these lawyers have been stirred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to action not only by the "third degree" but by the constant violation of every right of the citizen and of the person under arrest. People are arrested right and left on merest suspicion, then finger-printed and photographed before any charge has been filed against them. In many cases, the lawyers say, the persons arrested are promptly discharged because of total lack of evidence but their photographs and finger-prints remain in the Rogue's Gallery. Attorneys are constantly denied their right to see prisoners who are illegally held *incomunicado*. One case cited is that of a laboring man who was kept *incomunicado* for three days. Meanwhile his family was frantic at his disappearance, but he was not allowed to communicate with them until the police admitted that they had no evidence and released him. This sort of thing would bring about a revolution in England where they know and value their rights. In Wichita the new organization announces that it will teach its fellow-citizens what their rights are. Probably there is not a single large police force in America which does not daily violate the laws and the Constitution it is sworn to enforce.

THERE MUST BE NO LETDOWN IN the militarizing of the youthful minds of America, even in the summer time. This is the dictum of the United States Army and Navy "intelligence" departments. Of course, the fact that the regulations requiring compulsory attendance at military drill in many colleges cannot be used for these camps is for the present a handicap. So military drill is tinted with swimming and boating, tennis and track, baseball for some and polo for others; in fact, there are sports and recreation to suit every individual taste—a vacationist's Utopia with all expenses paid by the good old U. S. Army. If time permits, there may be some incidental rifle practice and also a little private contact between the straw dummy's stomach and the bayonet (just as in real war); then, to top the delightful summer sports program, there are a few psychology lectures on the proper attitude of a true patriot in time of war. In other words, say the militarists, we may have to coax the students to the Citizens Military Training Camps by camouflaging military drill under vacation programs, but we do get the fundamentals put across! And no one can gainsay them.

GOVERNOR FULLER of Massachusetts has been making an industrious, personal study of the Sacco-Vanzetti case in addition to the inquiry which his committee has been conducting, and it is unthinkable that out of these efforts—if intelligence and a desire to do justice have prevailed—there will come any decision but to set the prisoners free. There is a tendency after a lapse of seven years since the crime to emphasize unduly new phases and possibilities in regard to it. It seems to us that the already-known and undisputed facts are overwhelming in their force. Sacco and Vanzetti, as John Lawrence Hurley of the Suffolk Law School said six years ago, were convicted upon atmosphere, not evidence. The case against them consisted mainly of the testimony of identification witnesses and revolver experts. To us the testimony of the eye witnesses is practically valueless. They all saw the crime from factory windows or a considerable distance away, and when bullets began to fly were undoubtedly more concerned with their own safety than in trying to fix in memory the faces of the bandits, largely concealed by slouch hats. Not one of the identifying witnesses pretended to have known Sacco or Vanzetti before—the only circumstance that could give weight to such testimony. As to the revolver experts, the State's best witness, as it has since come out, was induced by the prosecuting attorney to make a statement which if not a deliberate falsehood was at least obviously misleading to the jury. Sacco and Vanzetti are not guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, as the law requires for their death. Thousands of persons entertain many doubts, both reasonable and sincere, in their behalf. The state of Massachusetts cannot ignore these doubts without making its reputation for justice a byword and a hissing in the civilized world.

HOW MUCH LOVE do the States have for their children? Not very much, if we judge by their legislation concerning children's compensation. Five States, the National Consumers League points out, make no provision for injured minors, while 17 States exclude illegally employed minors from compensation. In the remaining States, the study shows, compensation laws are "unequal, insufficient, and unjust. In 18 States the injured minor who is permanently totally disabled receives compensation for less than ten years"—he thus becomes an object of charity before he reaches the age of 30. "In 21 States," the report continues, "if he is permanently *partially* disabled, and his earning power has permanently decreased, his compensation ceases before he reaches the age of 25." "The intelligence that created mass production can make it safe," the authors of the report conclude. "When will it make work safe for the minors throughout this country? Mississippi and South Carolina, which have no compensation law, can enact one next year. Louisiana and Rhode Island, which exclude illegally employed minors from compensation, can amend their laws in 1928. What will they do?"

AS SURELY AS CHICKENS come home to roost, so certain is our Latin American policy to be attacked in future in any gathering in which persons from south of the Rio Grande are present, if any degree of freedom of expression prevails. Thus it is natural that the recent Pan-American Labor Congress, although meeting in Washington in the shadow of the Department of State, should have gone on record as against the Monroe Doctrine as interpreted in recent years. The original resolution, introduced by delegates representing Venezuela, Nicaragua, and Santo Domingo, charged the United States with thirty-five invasions in Latin America since 1898. The resolution was slightly toned down in committee, but as passed by the congress it attacked the use of the Monroe Doctrine to protect investments by citizens of the United States in Latin America. As worded presumably by Luis Morones, Secretary of Commerce, Labor, and Industry in Mexico, the resolution took issue with the recent assumption in Washington that "the person and property of a citizen of the United States are a part of the general domain of the United States as a nation, even when abroad." William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, made a fatuous attempt to uphold the Monroe Doctrine as intended to defend Latin American republics against European invasion. In practice it is used to justify the United States in policing and bossing her southern neighbors on the ground that otherwise some European nation would intervene. The assumption is not true, and if it were, would not justify our aggression.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicaragua's New Bondage

THEY are now engaged in proving that the 300 Nicaraguans whom American marines and bombing planes murdered on July 17 were "bandits." That is the immemorial habit of imperialist usurpers—the British called the Boers bandits and the Irish republicans mere gunmen; the French called the heroic Riffians bandits and doubtless the ancient Egyptians applied similar names to the armies they defeated. It does not alter the fact that American marines ought not to be doing police duty in Nicaragua, and that Latin American hearts from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande beat in sympathy with any Latin who fights the Yankee invasion of a Latin country.

If, however, the authorities in Washington are sincerely interested in tracing down large-scale oppression, we suggest that they turn their attention to a document signed more or less at their own suggestion on March 31 last—between Dr. Zavala, financial agent for the American-aided Diaz regime in Nicaragua, and representatives of the Guaranty Trust Company and of J. and W. Seligman and Company of New York. It compares favorably, to be sure, with the usurious loans recently made in Los Angeles by leaders of the Better American Federation and the best local banking circles; but as government financing we have never seen anything to equal it.

This extraordinary contract, to begin with, opens a 6 per cent credit of $1,000,000 for a period of one year, which may under certain conditions be extended for another six months. Of course no one would ask a bank to lend the money that belongs to its depositors without securing good collateral. In this case one may feel sure that no depositor will complain—the bankers have taken all Nicaragua has—serape, sombrero, sandals, and shirts. Two months before the negotiation of this loan the Nicaraguan Congress had voted certain emergency taxes—an export tax on all coffee up to 65 cents per 100 pounds; a 50 per cent increase in customs duties on tobacco, wines, and liquors; a 12½ increase in other import duties. All these were mortgaged to the bankers as collateral for this credit.

But this was not all. As further collateral the bankers put a mortgage on 50 per cent of the surplus of the national treasury revenues. (Fifty per cent had similarly been mortgaged to New York bankers in 1917.) And, since Mr. Diaz, even with American marines to do his police work for him, is unlikely to have a surplus, the bankers went further still. They put a mortgage on all the capital stock of the National Bank of Nicaragua, an American corporation with a paid-in capital of $300,000 and a worth of twice that, and on all its dividends. They went still further. They added a mortgage on the entire capital stock of the Pacific Railways of Nicaragua, which, efficiently managed by the J. G. White Corporation, associated with the Seligmans, is worth more than the total amount of the credit extended by the bankers!

According to the former Nicaraguan Consul General in New York City, the bankers were not satisfied with this. The deposits of the bank and the railroad in Canadian and other banks, said to total more than $400,000, were transferred to New York City, for the benefit of the credit-givers. (One wonders whether the money which the bankers lent to Nicaragua was actually the Nicaraguan money which they had transferred from other coffers to their own.) And then they capped the climax. They included in the contract an agreement which substantially said that they would not only mortgage half Nicaragua for their million-dollar loan but would furthermore spend the money for Nicaragua. They explained frankly that the money would be used primarily to equip, arm, and maintain the Diaz soldiers (thus, some one may have hoped, eventually making it unnecessary for American marines to uphold that tottering regime). Money for other purposes will be released only upon approval by a special committee of three, two of whom are Americans! One of these Americans is the American manager of the National Bank of Nicaragua; the other is the American High Commissioner. Now the office of High Commissioner was instituted, we understand, in connection with the financial plan of 1920—drawn up by the Nicaraguan Government with another consortium of New York bankers. As then, the Secretary of State of the United States appoints the High Commissioner, who, nevertheless, (possibly in order to avoid difficulties with the law) is not considered an official of the Department of State. The Department of State insists upon this fine-drawn distinction between appointee and official; but in any case, the net result is that the bankers use a government appointee as their agent and representative in Nicaragua.

The contract is long, and contains more serfdom for Nicaragua. Among other things it provides that for five years the two New York banking houses have an option on all new Nicaraguan financing.

Here, we submit, is an interesting case study for any government official seriously interested in the problem of oppression in Nicaragua. It would be an excellent thing, indeed, if the Department of State would give this matter its serious attention, and inform the public upon the result of its cogitations. For this kind of oppression concerns the American people as a whole far more profoundly than the effort of a barefooted army to support itself on a jungle countryside where an American planter happens to have a small property. It was, we take it, to this loan that Mr. Hoover referred when, last spring, he made the unwelcome remark about loans for unproductive purposes which Mr. Kellogg so bitterly resented. Such loans, which, made with State Department approval, involve the utilization by bankers of State Department designees, involve us in a constant risk of bloody intervention. Suppose Nicaragua should seek to finance herself from other banks, violating its agreement with the New York bankers; suppose it should seek to spend some of its amply secured credit in ways of which the High Commissioner, named by the State Department, did not approve—what then? More work for the marines!

Bankers have often complained that they are unjustly accused of shaping State Department policy. Sometimes, they say, the State Department begs them to make loans to help its previously determined policies. By an incredible series of blunders the State Department is now committed to maintaining Adolfo Diaz in office as its puppet president of Nicaragua. Surely no sane business man would want to risk money on so feeble a character as Don Adolfo. Is the State Department of the United States itself primarily responsible for this shoddy pawnbroking?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To Disarm, Disarm

WRITING in the London *Nation* on the eve of the Geneva Disarmament Conference, Commander Kenworthy, M. P., himself a distinguished naval officer, expressed the fervent hope that whatever else the British Government might do it would not send high naval officers to carry on the negotiations. But that is just what Mr. Baldwin did. He chose the civilian First Lord of the Admiralty, surrounded him by admirals and captains, and added for good measure Robert Cecil who, knowing better, can always be counted on to compromise with wrong. Mr. Coolidge did the same thing. He picked as the only civilian delegate, Hugh Gibson, a delightful personality, a promising but still second-rate diplomat, and then added a lot of naval officers the chief of whom, Admiral Hilary P. Jones, is of the type of mind which thinks it absolute treason to criticize any action of the Navy Department or of the United States Government. The Japanese were craftier; nevertheless their delegation comprises almost the same mixture of diplomats and naval officers.

So what has happened at Geneva is merely what was to be expected—the navy men have dominated and we have seen a disarmament conference on the verge of disruption or of becoming a conference for the increase instead of decrease of fleets. Experts these naval men are called and as such widely regarded. Yet they have actually expected sensible people to believe that they can plot and plan exact ratios of battleships, cruisers, submarines, and all the rest—as if they could foresee proportions and situations ten or twenty years hence. They, of course, did not foresee in the last war that they would need a fleet of mine-layers and have to build monitors and endless patrol boats; nor did any naval officer, least of all in Berlin, suspect the power and range of the submarine, or the uselessness of battleships, or the necessity for aircraft-carriers. No one has ever been able to prophecy what a war by sea or land will bring forth; it cannot be done. But if it could be, the very last persons who should be called into a naval disarmament conference are the navy men. One might just as well ask medical men to take part in an assembly to decide how much work should be taken away from them and handed over to the osteopaths. It is demanding too much of human nature. These officers have been trained to consider themselves essential to the life of a nation; they are convinced of the absurdity that nations only exist if they have "adequate" armaments (which "adequate" no naval or military officer has yet defined since wars began) and, therefore, they are bound to resent, consciously or subconsciously, the demand that they help to do away with their profession. So would a fundamentalist minister feel if he were invited to take part in a conference to reduce his kind by one half.

So Mr. Coolidge—whatever may yet come out of Geneva—blundered frightfully in not picking a strong body of civilians committed to disarmament and told to achieve it or to come home on their shields. The practical men and women of this world are not always the experts by any means, least of all experts who have a direct personal stake in their own findings. Mr. Coolidge had the example of Mr. Hughes at the Washington Conference before him and a proposal was worked out for Geneva, but it lacked either as powerful a personality or as dramatic a setting, and in Washington civilians dominated. It ought to be plain now that the way to obtain disarmament is not to ask it of men who make their living out of the war business, but of men and women—yes, women—who really believe in peace so much that they will gladly take risks and if necessary suffer for their beliefs. Dyed-in-the-wool peace-lovers and not fighting men are the ones to achieve peace, as long as our practical business men and so-called statesmen refuse to see that war impoverishes everybody taking part and actually threatens the existence of civilization itself.

The way to disarm is to disarm. A truly Christian, peace-loving nation would do so without regard to the policies of others. The United States did so from 1820 to 1860 and had no fleet worthy of the name from 1870 to 1898. Nobody ever attacked us, nobody ever exploited us, yet several nations could have helped themselves to all our Atlantic seaports had they so desired. They respected us far more then than now when we have joined the imperialistic, big-armament game. Yet we actually have, among the many other childish moves at Geneva, a revival of President Wilson's stupid and wicked threat that if the others do not do as we wish we shall build the greatest fleet in the world and show them how vast our resources are. Well, fortunately, there is Congress to be reckoned with, and Senator Borah has already let it be known that so far as his influence goes we shall do nothing of the sort. In that direction lies that same naval madness which brought Germany and England into conflict. If on the other hand President Coolidge really desires to give proof to the world of our pacific intentions as a nation, he will decrease armaments of his own accord without fear of the nations to whom we swore eternal fealty ten years ago and against whom we ought never to be plotting and arming. There are no naval rivals other than Japan, France, and England.

Hoboken Takes a Joke

IT'S a rare vaudeville show that doesn't have its little joke about Hoboken. The "Mile Square City," as its boosters affectionately refer to it, has probably served as the butt of more professional jesting than any other city in the country. Indeed, if the jokes about the city were laid end to end, they would probably encompass the globe and find a tragic terminus in—Hoboken.

It might have been an aimless thrust in the beginning but ridicule, like brickbats, eventually leaves its mark, and in the American credo of 1927 Hoboken is a place to laugh at unless one is soberly in search of good beer. Long ago Hoboken stopped protesting against the ridicule. Slowly, its sensitiveness dulled and finally it accepted the comic myth and saw itself as others see it, a toy Germany. At intervals an incident or event uproots the city's sense of isolation. The latest of these events concerns eighty-four Chinese seamen.

The eighty-four Chinese were hired to work as members of the crew of the steamship Rotterdam of the Holland-America Line at the home port. The white stokers and others of the crew had called a strike. When hired, the Chinese were not told they were replacing strikers but somewhere in mid-ocean they became aware of this fact and it surprised them. As seamen, the law permits them sixty days ashore in which to search for another ship, and when the Rotterdam docked at Hoboken on June 28 they attempted to exercise this right. Company guards

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

warned them to remain on the ship. One of the seamen knew enough English and law to quote their rights. The guards were unimpressed. The Chinese thereupon walked off the ship. Three of the company guards clubbed the nearest of them. The others began to run. A call was sent to Police Headquarters for a riot squad and within two minutes a wagonload of policemen with drawn clubs and blackjacks descended on the Chinese and began a ruthless assault. The Chinese were unarmed. They were clubbed, blackjacked, and beaten with fists until ten of them required hospital treatment. A number escaped in the confusion. Fifty-four were seized and taken to the Hoboken police jail.

A local newspaper reporter, who is little more than a press agent for the hermetically sealed political ring, sent the first account to New York through a news agency. He described the episode as a "mutinous attempt by armed Chinamen to obtain shore leave." The following day New York reporters went to Hoboken. It was learned that the Chinese were being held in jail without any charge having been lodged against them; that they were denied the legal right of a hearing within twenty-four hours; that they were being held *incomunicado* "at the request of the Holland-America Line"; and that counsel retained by the Chinese Seamen's Institute of New York to defend them was not permitted to see or interview any of them. Of some bearing on the case, it may be added that steamship companies are liable to a $1,000 fine for every Asiatic that they permit to obtain illegal entry into the United States.

Meanwhile some of the facts in the case managed to squeeze between columns of aviation in the New York papers. New York reporters came to headquarters and asked questions. The police became apprehensive. After three days in jail the prisoners were taken in groups of three or four in patrol wagons guarded by twice as many policemen back to the steamship Rotterdam and there transferred to a tug and removed to Ellis Island.

Hoboken offered no reason for the transfer. Commissioner Uhl at Ellis Island simply stated that the men were being held at the request of the Holland-America Line. Mr. Uhl added that the interest of immigration authorities in the jailing of the fifty-four seamen was "purely a friendly one." The reporters forgot to ask Commissioner Uhl what expression his enmity would take.

Several days later, Chung Lum, the secretary of the Chinese Seamens' Institute of New York, received a telegram, apparently smuggled through from one of the imprisoned men urging his immediate aid. Chung Lum retained a lawyer, Hugo Pollock, to see what could be done about safeguarding the interests of the prisoners. Mr. Pollock visited Ellis Island and identified himself as counsel for the jailed seamen. A. W. Brough, inspector in charge of the Chinese Division, refused permission to Mr. Pollock to interview his clients.

Meanwhile the Holland-America Line discontinued its request for the detention of sixteen of the fifty-four men. The sixteen were taken back to Holland on another of the line's ships. The remaining thirty-eight at this writing are still at Ellis Island "awaiting the convenience of the Holland-America Line." Mr. Pollock, however, has interested Senator Copeland and Representative La Guardia, both of whom have asked the Washington immigration officials to investigate.

A Rare Citizen

GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY'S seventy-fifth birthday has deservedly called forth widespread congratulations and generous recognition of the public services of a singularly useful and modest man. Known to the political world because of his connection as national treasurer of the second Wilson campaign and for a similar association with many reform movements in the city and State of New York, he is none the less, because of his lack of an itch for publicity, not as well known to the public as he deserves to be. Take, for instance, his services as chairman of the State of New York Reservation Commission at Saratoga Springs during the years from 1910 to 1915. If the State of New York bestowed medals of honor for public service of great worth, Governor Smith must long since have pinned one upon Mr. Peabody. When the State decided to undertake the venture in public ownership of acquiring the mineral-springs reservation, Mr. Peabody found a dreadfully run-down resort chiefly known for gambling and horse racing and general dissipation during race weeks. Mr. Peabody was one of the first to see the necessity for rescuing the place from the private and local management under which it had gone far downhill and raising it to the level of the great European spas. This has been done, thanks to his vision and the devotion which led him to remove his home to Saratoga Springs and to give himself unsparingly to this great task. It is now a place to be proud of, to which people of limited means may go and obtain relief.

But this is only one of Mr. Peabody's many public services. A Georgian by birth, he retired from banking and railroading years ago as soon as he had amassed a competence, in order to be free to give all his time to public work. Naturally he was profoundly drawn to the educational problems of the South. For that section his labors have been invaluable not only as trustee of such institutions as Hampton Institute, Penn Normal, the Fort Valley Industrial School, and the University of Georgia, of all of which he is a trustee, but as a member of the Southern Education Board and one of the moving spirits of the educational pilgrimages and conferences in the South out of which grew both the Southern Education and the General Education boards. To Robert C. Ogden fell the leadership in these undertakings, but to them Mr. Peabody brought wisdom, judgment, and a rare knowledge of both whites and blacks and of public sentiment North and South. Entirely free from racial prejudice, he has been one of those Southern men who have realized that the lasting progress of the South depends upon the complete cooperation of both races and education for white and colored peoples alike. To a deeply religious nature—religious in the best sense—he has added a devotion to democracy which knows no compromise of the principles of human brotherhood.

To us Mr. Peabody's career means most because he eschewed mere money-making in order to enter the noblest of professions, the ranks of those who freely give their abilities and talents to the general welfare without thought either of personal aggrandisement or popularity. Men and women such as he prove every day that the profit motive is not necessary to bring out the noblest traits in the human being. Incidentally, they find out for themselves that their profession brings in the richest dividends in precious friendships, ennobling experiences, and heart's content.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geneva

It is nice that the children seem to be having such a good time. But that is not exactly what we sent them there for.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain's Folly Toward Russia

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, July 6

EVERYONE with an eye to see below the surface of things must be disquieted by the position of affairs in Europe. There is peace in the sense that there is no fighting, and every trouble that comes up is either successfully shelved for the time being or is patched up temporarily. But there is no settlement and no removal of the causes of unsettlement. That old fever morass of the Balkans is undrained; the great Powers live on a footing of hand-to-mouth cooperation which is rather between individuals than between national policies. The condition of the atmosphere is not one whit changed from what it was before 1914, although the clouds charged with lightning may be different. And we are settling down to that state of affairs. The League of Nations—its agendas, its discussions, the influence to which it responds—is steadily being made to fit into the old world of diplomacy. A new mind coming into authority in 1924 found difficulties in specific problems; coming into authority now it would find difficulties in established habits. The latter presents a far more formidable task than the former.

There is one major specific point, however, that requires bold and well-considered treatment. I refer to the position of Russia. Until this is put on a satisfactory footing there will be no security for Europe, but that will not be done so long as foreign secretaries are possessed of the childish idea that they are dressed in nice starched muslin frocks and should associate only with well-brought-up lambs of their own flock. Moral reflections about Moscow are really beside the mark except in so far as they are caused by events which arise out of political policy. Russia has been in revolution and still is intermittently. Thanks to the reaction of the czarist regime, the revolution was cruel and bitter; thanks to the interfering follies of neighboring nations (and particularly of our own when we were blessed with the Coalition Government with a Liberal at its head), the revolutionary mind has been kept long alive. The latest outburst of revolutionary execution which shocked the feelings of every decent human being was the natural result of our breaking off relations with Moscow and the slackness of other governments in controlling the activities of the White Russians to whom they were giving asylum. Those horrible crimes have again given an opportunity to gushing journalists—the very last people who are entitled to do this—to work upon public feeling and to darken counsel regarding the Russian problem. The perpetration of horrors and the doing of injustice is so well distributed among the nations of the world that they ought to be chary in how they judge these cases.

Two things have been the main contributors to the unfortunate attitude of this country to Moscow. The first, and far and away the most important, has been the fact that the Red scares have been of profit to the Tory Party. On a Red scare they came into office; on Red scares they hope to remain in office. The second is an instinctive repulsion on the part of the class which our present Government represents to the class in control in Moscow. There is a third reason, as an explanation for the action of this Government, a very minor one, moreover, and that is the equivocal position of the Russian Government itself regarding propaganda. As the result of its raid on Arcos, our Government found nothing. Not a scrap of paper picked from private pockets or seized from safes contained information that was new to any well-informed private person or government department. Not a transaction, either proper or improper, of which we were not previously well aware was revealed by the Government's raid. The fuss having been made, however, its consequences had to be swallowed, and the Russian representatives had to be told to quit. So we are exactly where we were in 1920, when, having spent over £100,000,000 trying in vain to overthrow the Soviet Government, we decided to back out and let things take their course.

Revolutionary propaganda from Moscow and by organizations like the Third International (the official status of which the Moscow Government dares not repudiate if the point is pushed) cannot be tolerated. But it was the Labor Government—the subject of Red scares—that came to closest grips with this, and, had its policy been pursued the danger undoubtedly would have been removed by now. The position today is that Moscow has some reason for believing that certain European governments are trying to form a hostile combination against it, and this affords a justification for an intensification of revolutionary propaganda. If it is outlawed for building up, it has as a recompense an open world for its propaganda of unsettlement. We cannot have it both ways. We can either recognize Russia and insist upon its doing team work, or decline to recognize it and allow it to follow whatever course seems best to it. Great Britain's Russian policy is dictated by the minds that conceived the Trade Union Bill and the proposals to put reaction in permanent control of our constitutional machinery by gerrymandering the House of Lords.

The right policy is so simple. We have to help Russia over its revolution. Russia at this moment is (or, had it been properly handled, would be) in the throes of "the morning after." Those who still dream of a world revolution are bound to come up against those who wish to establish the Russia of the revolution amongst world states. Those charged with the tasks of government know that Russia must make its peace with the world and must accept the obligations of a state to neighbors properly jealous of their sovereign independence. Russia is anxious to do this, but it is not allowed. The revolution which on the inside dies down into normal conditions, is galvanized into an unnaturally prolonged life by the policy of foreign states. External propaganda, which those in responsible positions know to be an impossible policy, is kept alive by the conduct of foreign Powers, and the political elements in Russia are weakened and the revolutionary high priesthood strengthened in consequence. Moscow can be induced to do many things—even to pay its debts as honestly as some other European states, and from a more exhausted exchequer; it can be forced to do nothing except keep its spirit of revolutionary menace alive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England—Too Bitter to Compromise?

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

London, July 11

A SOBER study of the situation in England today would doubtless discover innumerable contradictions and cross-currents. Nothing is simple—least of all the heavy, complicated, yet strangely powerful machinery that moves the British Government. Yet something simple lies behind the events of the past weeks, something that the most casual intruder must feel. Listening through several afternoons and evenings to the debate in the Commons on the trade-disputes bill and in the Lords on the reform bill, I had a sharp sense of grim, bitter enmity, too real and too unappeasable to be hidden by the forms of Parliamentary politeness or by the swift irony that so often took the place of blunt attack. Labor and the Government are at war. The Government, stronger for the moment, is using its temporary control to throw up barricades against the growing power of Labor. It is hiding its purpose behind phrases—"individual liberty," "the right of every Englishman"—phrases it hopes the country will swallow. It is fighting cleverly. It is suave and dignified; it enjoys, one feels, goading the Opposition into ill-tempered, unmannerly rebuttal. But it is fighting no less tensely for all that. If the Prime Minister ever cared to be fair, as some of his opponents believe, he does so no longer. The Government is afraid, and it is showing its fear as governments always do. One of the most clear-headed labor sympathizers I know said: "I think England has lost the art of compromise."

The trade-disputes bill needs no new analysis. The Government claims that it is aimed only to prevent extreme revolutionary action in the form of a general strike. But everyone else admits, and the Government cannot effectively deny, that the bill is so worded as to be applicable to any great strike. It would, for instance, make illegal a miners' strike which included among its demands a return to the statutory seven-hour day, won by a strike in 1911 and lost in last year's lockout. The bill even borrows the useful American labor injunction to make its effect more swift and telling. It makes peaceful picketing practically illegal by prohibiting any act which may "cause in the mind of a person a reasonable apprehension of injury . . . and the expression 'injury' includes injury other than physical or material injury." It even attempts by its limitations on the political levy (the device by which trade-union members are taxed to support the Labor Party) to choke off the sources of financial strength of a rival party which cannot fill its chest by the sale of honors to industrial leaders. The bill is constructed to block Labor's advance both industrially and politically. It is the act of a terrified giant.

The attempted Lords' "reform" is more fantastic and far more fundamental. Introduced directly in the upper house without consulting the Commons or the electorate, it has aroused such indignant opposition that its withdrawal seems certain.[1] The proposals to fix the membership of the House of Lords at a definite number—never to be raised by King or Commons—to insure a permanent majority of hereditary peers, and to give such a chamber joint power with the Commons to determine what is a money bill, was too distasteful a dose for the Liberals; and even a group of younger Conservatives—genially referred to by the *Daily Herald* as the "Y.M.C.A.'s"—choked over it. It hardly required Ramsay MacDonald's smashing attack to bring the Government to a point of retreat; it was wobbling before he began. But for all that the danger is not over. If it can do so without alienating the country, the Government will certainly attempt to barricade the House of Lords against Labor.

England is still a country where the lower classes expect little and give much. From housemaids to railway conductors—everywhere one meets a polite subservience that must astonish and impress any American. By contrast, the behavior of Labor's representatives in Parliament takes on particular significance. The Conservative and Liberal members have, for the most part, an easy air of humor and educated poise. The Labor members vary from professional men and seasoned politicians to provincial workers fresh from factory and union hall. Their accents and manners cover a range equally wide. But every one of them—the rough and untutored as well as the suave and learned—speaks his mind with aggressive self-confidence.

Left-wing critics charge that the conservative Labor members are always ready to compromise; that only the pressure of the rank and file and the threat of loss of funds stiffened them to oppose the trade-disputes bill. Conservatives insist that there is no real working-class feeling against the bill and that the Opposition in Parliament is merely making empty and insincere gestures of disapproval. These views may, with all their contradictions, contain fragments of the truth. The Labor members doubtless represent as many shades of opinion and probity as any group. But the general effect they create is one of courage and honest, outspoken attack. Their weapons are weak—mere words, flung at empty benches belonging to men who, when the time for division comes, will wander in from the lobbies and vote "no" on amendments and "yes" on the Government's proposals. But while those words are heard with smiling complaisance by the Government, they may fall with more effect outside the ancient walls of the Houses of Parliament. That is what Labor hopes when it speaks, directly and unpleasantly, to the indifferent benches opposite.

I heard Ellen Wilkinson attack the picketing clause of the trade-disputes bill. Her speech showed plainly the gulf that opens between the Government and its opponents when labor is discussed. "There seems to be an extraordinary impression," she said, "that workmen like strikes and that they strike for the fun of the thing." She described the effect of a strike on the lives of the men and women who leave their jobs, and discussed their feeling toward fellow-workers who refuse to join in a war "with an even more ruthless enemy than that faced on the battlefield." She went on, crisply addressing the previous speaker:

[1] It has since been withdrawn.—EDITOR, *The Nation*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Members of the honorable gentleman's class who are brought up with a regard for esprit de corps, whose schools and colleges teach them that they have to stand by their fellows, regard what is a point of honor for themselves as a crime when it is done by the working classes of England, and they produce clauses like this in order to emphasize to the workers of this country that such fine sentiments are not for working people but are merely reserved for gentlemen.

And she inquired why it was that the "blackleg" alone should be carefully protected by the Government from forms of persuasion that might injure his "self-respect."

Ellen Wilkinson is small and lean, but she is eloquent. She bent forward as she ended and shook her dark red hair at the men across the gangway.

> I can conceive of nothing cleverer than this attempt to get into the minds of the working people the understanding that they had better put up with any conditions, however unjust, because they do not know what is waiting for them if they object. We congratulate the Attorney General because nature gave him the face of one of the Cheeryble Brothers, but I say this quite firmly, that behind the face of Mr. Pickwick or the Cheeryble cherub who comes here and smiles upon us, he has the mind and heart of a Mephistopheles.

On the Government bench, side by side like two well-fed schoolboys, Winston Churchill, the Attorney General, and Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, sat and smiled. Then Joynson-Hicks rose and addressed the House and his opponent with ironical gallantry:

> I apologize to the House [he said] for rising before having quite digested the compliment which the honorable lady has paid to my right honorable and learned friend the Attorney General. But does not the speech of the honorable lady bring home to the House the kind of thing with which the non-striker has to put up? Fancy the honorable lady being let loose in a mining area during a strike and firing off a speech of that kind in regard to the unfortunate men whom she terms, with all the withering irony of which she is capable, "blacklegs." . . . The honorable lady opposite will not think me uncomplimentary when I say that, when I listen to her, I sometimes am reminded of Madame Defarge, and the tumbrils on their way to the guillotine. I think the honorable lady would go on with her knitting if the Home Secretary rode in one of the tumbrils. I do not in the least dispute the power and authority of the honorable lady, but it is quite clear that her mind is warped. Her mind is the mind of the trade-union leaders, and they will not see any right or fairness in the minds of the men who do not go on strike, and who are called by them the opprobrious epithet of "blackleg." The blackleg is the man who desires to continue his work for the sake of his wife and family.

Those two fragments show well enough the temper of the present Parliament: Labor, stubborn and resentful, flinging itself against a smooth wall of bland, assured conservatism, helpless to win from its opponents understanding of something which, after all, cannot be understood but must be felt; the Government, polite, almost playful, appearing to listen and weigh and reason, and then at the end falling back on the unimpeachable argument of its huge majority.

Has England lost the art of compromise? Or is she facing issues on which no compromise is possible? Labor leaders say that the trade-disputes bill checked a visible tendency toward conciliation and cooperation in industry. But even the most conservative trade unionists base their willingness to cooperate on a determination ultimately to take control of the Government and of industry as well. Can conservatism compromise with that purpose? One has a feeling in watching the sharp engagements of the last few weeks that they are incidents in a struggle which cannot in the long run be ended by England's historic genius either for compromise or for muddling through.

The Northwest Stands Pat

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

THERE are two shows going on in the Northwest this summer. One has all the trappings, big star, favorable press, skilful staging, unlimited props and equipment of the kind designed to make a popular appeal, such as cowboy chaps, birthday cakes, Indian ceremonies, and the like. The other is back stage—in fact so far back stage that only now and again, and mostly inadvertently, can be heard the murmurs and the deep tones of the lines that characterize its significant scenes.

Mr. Coolidge and his stage managers may be cordially received as guests and hospitably entertained—though the gross exaggerations that have characterized everything about the trip also hold good on this score—but the embattled farmers will not be soft-soaped. A few years ago the farmer was more or less alone in his demand for economic adjustment. Today this cry is heard from all sides in the Northwest country: bankers, business men, labor, the professions.

"The lawyer or the doctor or the business man may have all the work he can handle," said a leading lawyer of the region, speaking before the Minnesota bar association in St. Paul, "but if his clients are bankrupt he is no better off than they are. And that is exactly the condition we and the farmers of this section are in today."

Throughout the Northwest the antics of the President, the blurbs of his yes-men, and the yammer of the sycophantic press leave the farmers cold. In Minnesota, in Wisconsin, in Iowa, in Idaho, in North Dakota and South Dakota, meetings are being held and the Administration and its four horsemen, Coolidge, Mellon, Jardine, and Hoover, are being discussed in no uncertain terms. The farmers, awaiting the approaching harvests that begin in a few weeks, are holding their picnics and gatherings, and at these meetings are listening to their leaders detail the story of their betrayal and looting by the Administration and the interests it represents. These speeches are invariably followed by questions from the eager listeners and open discussions. The observations that one may hear leave no doubt as to how the great mass of farmers feel about the veto of the McNary-Haugen bill, or their attitude toward a compromise sop.

The Northwest country wants neither sop nor soap. It wants—presidential approval or no presidential approval—legislation that it feels will count for something in giving relief. Government-subsidized cooperatives don't mean a thing to these bankrupt farmers and merchants. Right or wrong, they want their share of tariff protection. Too long, they say, have they stood by and seen industry walk away with the swag. If there is going to be tariff protection for some, then the Northwest country demands its share.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Any legislative plan, to be acceptable to farmers, must in a clear and effective way make provision for full tariff protection for at least the key branches of the agricultural industry. Anything else will be rejected as a mere legislative gesture," said Frank W. Murphy, chairman of the Board of the American Council of Agriculture and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Corn Belt Federation of farm organizations, at the farm-relief-legislation conference held recently in St. Paul.

Mr. Coolidge undoubtedly had his agents at this St. Paul gathering and received a comprehensive report of what took place. But it was really too bad that he did not avail himself of the invitation to be present. His impressions of the Northwest country, and the attitude of the embattled farmers, would without doubt have experienced some painful jolts. No bouquets were cast in his direction—although there were many things tossed his way—at this meeting, attended by half a score of United States Senators who will be the balance of power in the Senate at the next session of Congress, twice as many Representatives, and delegations from organizations from fifteen agricultural States. The bitterness and resentment of these delegates was held in leash by the leaders. Watched by a carping and hostile press, every effort was made to maintain a dignified restraint. Yet every criticism and denunciation of Coolidge and his Cabinet that was uttered was greeted with cheers and vigorous applause.

These people were not Reds, or radicals. Most came from States that had rejected the La Follette presidential bid. They are Republicans and have no hesitancy in saying so. Some of their leaders fought the so-called radical Nonpartisan League a few years back. Yet today they are filled with ire and hostility, and no worm-fishing or cowboy-chaps show that Mr. Coolidge can stage will satisfy them. Their pocket books are empty, their mortgages are increasing, and they want an end to that sort of thing.

"Two years ago when I was running for re-election," Representative Dickinson related in his speech before the St. Paul conference, "a merchant in my town told me he was going to vote against me because I was too radical. He opposed my support of the McNary-Haugen bill. The other day I was talking to him and he told me he was going to vote against me because I wasn't radical enough."

And although the leaders urged conciliation in the public pronouncement of the conferences, they could not prevent this blunt declaration, unanimously approved in the resolutions adopted by the large crowd present:

> The veto of this measure, after its passage by a bipartisan majority of both houses of Congress, clearly repudiates the Republican platform on which President Coolidge was elected. The veto message which seeks to defend the President's act consists from the beginning to the end of indefensible and conflicting arguments which had been answered to the satisfaction of Congress during months of debate on the measure.

These are the real sentiments of the farmers. The Northwest country stands pat and means business.

Why the American Woman Is Unique

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

MANY Europeans think that Americans are boisterous, bustling, active, and conceited, but not very deep. We ourselves say that we have tremendous energy, ambition, and power of achievement. Our women, especially, are said to be bolder, less domestic, more ambitious, and more dominating than those of the Old World; or braver, more progressive, more adaptable, less submissive, and more competent, if you prefer another set of adjectives. All this seems to mean that so far as there is any genuine deep-seated difference between the people of the United States and of other countries, it is largely a matter of temperament. But is there really any such temperamental difference, and if there is, do women show it more strongly than men?

It seems to me that the differences thus roughly defined are real, and that their main causes are, first, natural selection arising through migration; second, geographic conditions; and third, a peculiarly stimulative social environment. The stimulating quality of the social environment seems to owe much of its character to the two other causes, which are biological on the one hand and geographical on the other.

Much of our thought regarding the peculiarities of America is clogged by the fact that the natural selection arising from migration has never been adequately analyzed. All the inhabitants of the United States, aside from the Indians, are either immigrants from the Old World or the descendants of such immigrants. Even if our ancestors came in the Mayflower, we are separated from them by only eight or nine generations. In these facts, perhaps, may lie certain important reasons for the peculiarly optimistic and buoyant spirit of America and for the position of American women as pioneers in feminine progress.

When the question of going to a new land arises, one of the first problems is health. People in poor health, as a rule, have little or no thought of migrating; they do not dare. The health of the women has more to do with the matter than that of the men. Many a man might go alone to a new land, but will not take his wife if she has any physical weakness. The more difficult the migration, the greater is the selection on account of health. How real this is may be judged from the experience of the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower. By the end of the first winter after their arrival in America, forty-four of the 102 original passengers had died; by the end of a year, half had succumbed. That means an extremely rigorous selection, for those who were less strong in one way or another must have been the first to succumb. One of the most noteworthy and typical facts about the experience of the Pilgrims was that the selection was more severe among women than among men. Of the eighteen married women who came in that first shipload, practically all of them being relatively young, thirteen died during the first sad year. Of course this is an extreme case, but it illustrates a great principle. All through the pioneer period, a similar though less severe selection took place. Prac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tically none save those with strong and vigorous constitutions came to America, and among those who came the hardships of the first few years still further weeded out the less vigorous, especially among the women and children.

Migration imposes not only a physical selection but a temperamental selection which may be still more important. Suppose that your community becomes interested in Australia. Many people begin to talk about migrating there. When it comes to the crucial point, who will go? Certainly not the families in which both the husband and wife are of a timid disposition. The chances are that a certain number of men who are of an optimistic, adventurous disposition will want to go. When they talk the matter over with their wives or sweethearts, a good many will promptly be dissuaded because the woman in the case does not happen to have the pioneer spirit. Since women are naturally more conservative than men, a relatively higher degree of the adventurous, optimistic, adaptable spirit is required to make them pull up stakes and go to a far country than is required of the men. The result is that not only does any hard migration cause a selection on the basis of what we may call the pioneer spirit but the selection is more radical among women than among men.

After migrants once reach a new land, many become discouraged and go back. Generally the ones who do this are less optimistic, less adaptable, less courageous, or otherwise less fitted for a new land than are their comrades. Thus those who finally compose the new population at the end of every migration tend to be of unusually strong physique and of an unusually buoyant and adaptable spirit. Moreover, the fact that migration is almost always harder for women than for men makes the difference between the women in the new land and the old greater than between the men.

The ordinary laws of heredity tend to perpetuate the conditions which thus arise. Among the earlier immigrants to a new land there is little chance to marry anyone who does not possess pioneer traits. Of course there are exceptions to all rules. Some timid and unadaptable people undoubtedly came to America even in the early days, and a great many later, but we are talking of averages. The average immigrant to the United States almost certainly exhibited the pioneer temperament to a greater degree than did the people who stayed in the Old World. Adventurous or optimistic parents tend to have adventurous or optimistic children, especially when both parents have the same quality. Moreover, biologists have found many qualities which are inherited more or less separately by the two sexes. Professor Roland B. Dixon of Harvard has shown this kind of inheritance pertains to the shape of the skull. Thus distinct types of head-form are transmitted for generation after generation among the men and the women of the same group. For example, if the men of a long-headed race should all take broad-headed wives, their male and female descendants would apparently differ in the form of their heads. Many generations later the percentage of long heads would be relatively high among the men and low among the women, while the women would show relatively more broad heads and few long ones. If such sex-linked inheritance should be verified so far as the external form of the head is concerned, there is no reason why it should not also be true of traits of temperament. Thus, although the final demonstration still remains to be made, many bits of evidence suggest that migration, natural selection, and biological inheritance may form a chain of conditions whereby one sex may advance along a different line or along the same line to a different degree from the other. During the colonial era of what is now the United States the women may have taken such a step with the result that their average temperament approached the typical adventurous masculine temperament more nearly than is the case with their sisters in the Old World. It is as if the men who came to America were relatively long-headed compared with those who remained behind, while the women were relatively still more long-headed. In that case the relatively long-headed quality of the women might persist indefinitely.

If the preceding reasoning is well grounded, it indicates a genuine biological basis for the difference which we seem to see between the average woman of America, Australia, or Canada and the average woman in the Old World. Of course, as time goes on, selection becomes less strenuous. When the agents of steamship companies circulate among all sorts of people and make it easy for almost anyone to go to a new land, as they did in the days before the Great War, the selection becomes relatively unimportant. But even in our day, the difficulties of migration across the Atlantic seem to be great enough to cause at least a slight temperamental difference between the average person who comes to America and those of the same class who stay at home. Now, too, as in the past, the selection among women is probably more severe than it is among men.

Geography, as well as biology, appears to take a hand in making Americans different from other people. The rich new land, the mineral resources, the forests, and the other material sources of wealth in America are often set forth as the main cause of American activity. We are told that the presence of such wealth stimulates people in a most extraordinary fashion. Undoubtedly the chance to get gold for the mere work of digging, rich land for the mere labor of filing a claim, and fabulous wealth by merely putting meager savings into good investments has stimulated many a lethargic man to unwonted action. All this may help to explain why the American people, both men and women, are temperamentally different from those of Europe. But unfortunately for this argument, the very people who use it are likely in the next breath to say that the ease of life in the tropics is the reason why tropical people are temperamentally sluggish. This is obviously the exact reverse of the argument as to the effect of natural wealth in making the people of the United States active.

For this reason, and for others, I have gradually come to the conclusion that the material resources of America have had far more effect upon the American temperament through the indirect means of natural selection than through their direct effects. They have acted as a magnet to draw from the Old World many enterprising, money-loving people. By attracting one type of people more strongly than another, they have probably been one of the main determinants of the American temperament.

Another geographical condition—climate—seems much like natural resources in its effect on the people of America. In this case, however, the direct effects are perhaps as important as the indirect, while women may be influenced somewhat more than men. To begin with the indirect or selective effect, many tales of the rigors of the New England climate went back to England from the early Puritans. Although no exact investigation has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made, it seems only reasonable to believe that for a long time those tales had a good deal to do with deterring all but the more adventurous and more hardy type of people from coming to the Northern colonies. In later days a similar effect was produced by the widespread idea that the region west of the Mississippi River was a worthless desert. An analysis of the sections of the United States toward which immigrants from different countries have gravitated shows clearly that people who cross the ocean tend to settle in climates as much like their own as possible. Of course the majority of immigrants come to New York and the neighboring cities, but when they spread out from there, the Italians, for example, are more likely to go south than are the Swedes and Norwegians. Whether the selective effect of climate is greater upon women that upon men is not evident.

A more important effect of climate is its influence upon health and especially upon the nerves. During the past decade or two we have found that variations in health from day to day, week to week, season to season, and year to year depend upon the weather far more than upon any other factor. It needs no demonstration to show that health and temperament are closely connected. People doubtless have permanent temperaments which they acquire by inheritance or by long training, but they also have temporary temperaments which make them grouchy and pessimistic today and cheery and optimistic tomorrow. A long, monotonous, rainy spell tends to produce the pessimistic stage; whereas the snappiness of a clear day in October makes people optimistic. All of us have experienced the temperamental ups and downs of the weather. We know how the end of the winter often finds us nervously played out, while in autumn we are active and energetic.

Perhaps the most important feature of the climate of the Northeastern United States compared with that of the rest of the world is the high degree of variability. This quarter of the United States is the stormiest inhabited part of the world. This does not mean the rainiest or the coldest, but the part where ordinary storms follow one another most frequently, and bring the most rapid changes of weather. These changes are highly stimulating. Of course they may be too extreme, but when they are of reasonable magnitude, and when people have become accustomed to them, the change from rain to sunshine, from warm south winds to cool northwest winds, and from a score of other conditions to their opposites has a bracing effect. Such changes not only promote health but stimulate physical and mental activity. In fact, the stimulation is often so great as to be nervously harmful. The extreme contrasts between winter and summer often produce a similar effect. Thus we are stimulated to excessive activity and often feel that we must be *doing something* before we have thoroughly thought out its consequences.

Recent climatic studies suggest that women are more sensitive to climate than are men. For example, some years ago I compared the weather with the daily work of hundreds of men and women in several Connecticut factories. In every case the same seasonal trend appeared—poor work in midwinter; good work in the spring, culminating in June; a drop during the summer in warm years, but not in other years; greatest efficiency in the late fall.

When the amount of work was compared with the temperature, humidity, and variability of individual days, certain highly systematic relationships were found. In general, men and women responded to the weather in the same way, but the women were more sensitive. Similar evidence of sensitiveness is found in the fact that when women go from one climate to another the periodic physiological functions are affected, becoming more regular and comfortable in some climates and irregular and painful in others, such as that of India. If further investigation should confirm these results, we should expect the typical American woman not only to have the optimistic, adventurous, pioneer spirit as the result of natural selection but also to possess a high degree of nervous energy.

It is often assumed that the feeling of nervous tension is due largely to our highly stimulating sociological environment. Almost no one, for example, can go to New York City without experiencing a thrill of energy, an impulse to get busy somehow or other and keep pace with the crowd. This is unquestionably the direct result of contact with a great city where high standards of activity and achievement prevail. Women, by reason of their more sensitive nervous organization, presumably feel the thrill of New York, Chicago, and other great American cities even more than men. Thus sociological conditions are a factor in making American women alert and progressive.

But how have the sociological conditions of the United States become so stimulating? Are they the cause of the character of the people or are the people themselves the cause of their own sociological environment? It seems to me that our social organization owes a great deal of its character to the fact that our people still possess a large share of the pioneer spirit arising through natural selection, and are kept keyed up through the stimulus of our variable climate. These conditions almost inevitably produce an active, stimulating environment. Such an environment in turn stimulates still greater activity. This then, as I see it, is the cycle by which the American people have been brought to their present degree of activity and progress. Since women are more influenced than men at various points in the cycle, they surpass the men in the degree to which they differ from their sisters elsewhere.

Thus far the picture that we have drawn has much on which we may congratulate ourselves. Undoubtedly, we Americans as a people, and our women in particular, are over-stimulated. Nevertheless our inheritance, our resources, and our climate do help us to achieve. But there is one very disquieting element. The women of the most active types are the ones who have the fewest children. It is known that the graduates of women's colleges on an average have only one to one and a half children apiece. As a group, they come nowhere near replacing themselves; their type is dying out. The same thing seems to be true of practically every group of women who stand out as leaders in social and cultural activities. Of course, there are exceptions, but we are talking about averages which include the unmarried women, the married women who are childless, and the married women who have children. On an average, the highly selected, energetic, pioneer type of woman, and the type which responds most readily to the nervous stimulus of our climate, are the very ones whose other useful activities so fill their lives that only a small place is left for children. If this condition should continue to increase at its present rate, a few more generations would apparently see the elimination of the special qualities which today place the world's leadership in the hands of the American woman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have You a Little MS?

or

The Most Tragicall Historie of Charley Blot, Author

By JOHAN SMERTENKO

ANOTHER academic friend of mine has just received that thrilling letter from the center of Puritan probity which fulfills the dream of every novice in authorship. Beneath the large letter-head, advertising that the epistle came from none other than the Boston firm of Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers, the magic words read as follows:

> Dear Professor Burrow:
>
> I was struck by your interesting contribution on "Lost Teeth in Literature" which appeared in the last issue of the Littlered Quarterly. If you are planning to expand the essay into a book, enlarging it to about 30,000 words, I shall be glad to consider the manuscript for early publication.
>
> Trusting that you will let us hear about "Lost Teeth in Literature" immediately and that you will permit us to examine any other manuscripts you may have with a view to immediate publication, I remain
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> I. VERILY BLIEDEM, Pres.,
> BLIEDEM & BLIEDEM, Publishers

Now the shrewdness and the strength of appeal in this letter may be partially estimated by the following facts: *Item* Adam Burrow is the most careful and precise Yankee on our English faculty. *Item* Adam received this letter in the late morning mail. *Item* He showed it to me at the club that noon as he was gulping his lunch, with the words: "Wrote and promised the manuscript by spring. Must be rushing off to the library to get to work on it." This by way of excuse for interrupting a five years' ritual consisting of a leisurely, gossipy luncheon which was invariably followed by a game of chess. Again, *Item* He had not noticed that the number of words requested for this book was about half that contained in an average volume. *Item* He ignored that he had never heard of Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers before and that in his own well-stocked library there was not a single work bearing the imprint of this firm.

These signs that my self-imposed task of disillusioning Burrow would be neither welcome nor easy were further emphasized by Adam's well-bred triumph in showing me his letter. After all, his gesture seemed to say, what are your successes in the public prints as compared with this overture to consider my unborn book? Here is the great I. Verily Bliedem himself practically accepting a volume on lost teeth from the foretaste I have given him in my essay. Such is human frailty that I doubt not the practical Burrow had a vision of fame and fortune to come as he walked down the campus to post his letter. And it seemed cruel to break in on his dream with the facts that I had in my possession.

The crude but unavoidable truth was that Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers are one of the dozen dishonest printing concerns in America which ply a sort of confidence game on the outskirts of the publishing field. Most of them, significantly enough, are located in Boston, for the former seat of American culture still imparts an air of literary sanctity and quality even to its least worthy products, and also because the typical New Englander would rather write a book than inherit a farm. Nowadays, however, a large share of their business comes to these publishers from the would-be authors of the South and the Middle West. The greatest number of their victims is derived from the academic class, including both students and teachers, although clergymen, social workers, and contributors to the evanescent poetry magazines also fall readily into their clutches.

As editor of a Middle-Western magazine which sought to develop and give expression to native talent I came to know a great many of the victims. They would shyly offer me their forlorn-looking books, apologizing for the imprint, in order to show me the specimens of their work which these contained. Without encouragement would come the story of their deception, identical in each case, since the imposters base their methods on that human constant, vanity, and need neither great cunning nor overmuch originality for their confidence game.

Carefully watching the undergraduate, alumni, missionary, and other specialized periodicals, these birds of prey swoop down on the contributors with an invitation to present a manuscript for their perusal and possible publication. The lovelorn sophomore who sweats out that inevitable lyric in spring, the aged raconteur whose trivial anecdotes of pioneer days have bored two generations, the academic seeker-out of inconsequential information for unread bulletins, the prosy preacher with his barrel full of sermons —all these and many others are approached and hooked even as Adam Burrow was tempted.

With joy and eagerness the invitation is accepted, the manuscript promised; with toil and trepidation the one commits an additional twenty poems, the other shakes musty memory for the plums of gossip, the researcher delves for further useless statistics, the moralizer compiles his wisest saws and instances! Fortunately, thinks each author as he struggles, these kindest of publishers have seen fit to ask for only half the quantity that goes to make the average book; otherwise, not even this fecund brain could accomplish the task. Such is the conclusion if the luckless wight stops to think at all. Adam Burrow had not yet come to this stage when I called his attention to the easy requirement in Bliedem's letter as a tactful beginning to my disclosures. But Adam airily dismissed the hint. He did not desire to discuss the letter at all. He was anxious to get started on the monumental task of expanding the field of knowledge about lost teeth. I persisted; we argued; we quarreled. Only as a last resort did I inform him of the experiences of our colleague whose identity I shall disguise through the personage of Charles Blot.

Charles Blot, successful football coach, had received just such an invitation to contribute a manuscript to the firm of Bliedem and had sent precisely the same reply as friend Burrow. The fact that no one suspected Charley Blot of harboring literary ambitions simply served to increase the secrecy of these negotiations, for Charley was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naturally extremely sensitive of his more imposing title, Professor of Physical Education. When Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers, wrote him concerning his sketchy article in our alumni journal on "Common Faults in Football Training," he grasped the opportunity to enter on a plane of intellectual equality with the other academicians of our college. He, too, promised the manuscript for spring.

No Dante will ever imagine or describe the painful and prodigious task which was thus readily undertaken; but the same character which brings to our football teams their annual championships finally brought forth a volume which was duly dispatched to Boston. I. Verily Bliedem himself immediately acknowledged its arrival and promised quick perusal and an early report.

A month passed and Charley began to doubt. Six weeks; Charley despaired. Then one day this letter overwhelmed Coach Blot with the joy that knows no peer:

My dear Professor Blot:

It gives me great pleasure to report that our editorial department has found your manuscript satisfactory and suitable for immediate publication.

Heartiest Congratulations!

I personally believe that "Football Faults," as we have decided to entitle the book, will make a great volume and a successful one. If the conditions of the inclosed contract meet with your approval, will you please sign it that we may proceed with the publication of your work.

Cordially yours,

I. Verily Bliedem, Pres.
Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers

With a singing heart and misty eyes, Charley Blot, the hardened and shrewd tactician of the gridiron examined his contract. Here was riches. The book would be sold at three dollars. The author was to receive a 15 per cent royalty on the first edition and 20 per cent on all succeeding editions. Other clauses promised him free copies, generous discounts on personal purchases, protection in foreign countries, profits on translations and moving picture sales—in brief, all those advantages and privileges that come to an author who is lucky enough to have the Bliedems as his publishers. Toward the end of the contract, however, there was a clause that Charley read twice—and yet again.

WHEREAS, the aforesaid book, FOOTBALL FAULTS, is necessarily limited in its appeal, the party of the second part agrees to pay and herewith pays unto the party of the first part the sum of EIGHT HUNDRED ($800.00) DOLLARS to defray in part the expenses of printing ONE THOUSAND (1,000) copies of the aforesaid book, FOOTBALL FAULTS.

And underneath this, in typewriting:

This sum may be paid in three instalments, namely: 1. An initial payment of four hundred ($400.00) dollars at the time of entering into the above contract; 2. A second payment of two hundred ($200.00) dollars upon receipt of galley proofs; 3. A final payment of two hundred ($200.00) dollars upon receipt of page proofs.

The contract was already signed by I. Verily Bliedem, President, and Will I. Bliedem, treasurer. There remained an inviting space for the author's name.

Charles turned to Betty Blot for advice. Betty, whose reputation as a thrifty housewife almost equalled her husband's fame as a football mentor, did not hesitate long. Charles Blot, author, was worth $800 even at a time when football coaches drew only professional salaries and dollars were regarded with wholesome respect.

Days passed; proofs came and went; checks were endorsed and cashed. Great stress was laid by Bliedem on haste in all these negotiations. But after $800 was paid there was a long lapse in correspondence and activity. Finally, just as Blot was about to investigate the causes of delay, he received this letter.

Dear Professor:

It occurs to me just as we go to press with our next "best seller," FOOTBALL FAULTS, that since the book will undoubtedly be put to constant and heavy use, it would be advisable to bring out this edition at least in durable cloth covers instead of the paper binding we had planned for the volume. The additional cost will be more than made up by the increased appeal of the book.

What do you think? Let us know immediately your own opinion on the matter.

With best wishes,

I. Verily Bliedem, Pres.
Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers.

"A paper book," said Betty Blot when Charles showed her the letter, "why that's no book at all!"

Charley wired Bliedem: "Agree with you cloth cover preferable."

Evidently this carefully worded message forced the astute Bliedem into the open. For his telegram read: "Bindery estimates your share of increased expense $150. Authorize expenditure and send check. Presses await your reply."

"I guess he's caught us in punt formation," said Charley as he handed the telegram to his helpmate. Feeling that a too-ready acquiescence would encourage further demands, Blot wrote his publishers a frank but dignified letter objecting to this additional charge and indicating that it bordered on extortion. In a few days he had his answer:

My dear Professor:

You probably did not realize that your tardy reply was putting us to great expense in holding up the presses with the forms of your book. Please bear in mind that many other volumes are awaiting publication until your work is disposed of and try to avoid any unnecessary delay in the future.

I am personally very much surprised that you did not know it is the invariable practise in the publishing field to decide with each individual author the character of binding to be used and that naturally some bindings are more expensive than others.

In all such cases as yours, where the author bears a small part of the publishing costs, he is charged proportionately for the binding he chooses. Some of our poets ask for specially stamped boards; other rare works are bound in morocco. Surely you will agree with our policy of charging each one according to his demands.

Our president, I. Verily Bliedem, joins me in urging you to send your check immediately that we may bring out your very valuable work at the most propitious time and go on to the numerous other books on our heavy list.

Sincerely yours,

Will I. Bliedem, Treas.
Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers.

It was at this point that Charley took me into his confidence. I urged the services of a lawyer and we three went into consultation. After examining the contract the attorney informed us that Bliedem had managed to conform to all the technicalities of the law in his confidence game. On the other hand, in his letters he had drawn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the string too taut. In this last, for instance, he was progressively more vulnerable in each of his statements. Thus it is anything but the practice of reputable publishers to request payment from authors for bringing out their works; in America it is assumed that a book will have some durable binding; and finally, it was outright deception on his part to assert that the presses waited on the reply, for printing is a separate process from binding.

Over the lawyer's signature we sent an answer pointing out these facts, refusing the requested payment, and threatening suit if the book was not properly published. There was no acknowledgment of this letter. When the silence had lasted for more than a month the lawyer wrote again, demanding that Bliedem and Bliedem, Publishers, live up to their contract or return the manuscript and money. He gave them a fortnight to fulfill their obligations.

About a week later Charles received six copies of his book. Our worst expectations of its appearance were exceeded by the reality. Between ill-fitting covers and on the cheapest kind of paper appeared one of the most incompetent printing jobs I have ever seen. The form would have disgraced any contents, no matter how bad. To add to his discomfiture Blot learned that the college bookstore had been sent a consignment of twenty-five copies of his work. It took all of our influence and eloquence to persuade the merchant not to place these on sale.

Were it not for the inspired idea which came to his attorney, Charles Blot would have suffered a total loss of his money as well as the indignity of having so ill-favored a book circulated among football men. But, calculating that the swindlers would greedily try to make every possible cent of Blot's money, the lawyer came to the conclusion that they would not print the entire edition of one thousand copies which their contract called for. He communicated with a Boston detective agency and an investigation proved his suspicions well founded. Some job printer was persuaded to turn over Bliedem's written order that 100 copies of "Football Faults" be printed and the type distributed.

With this evidence in his possession Blot's lawyer sent an ultimatum to the publishers. They were to refund the money or stand both civil and criminal trial. Knowing the author would dislike the publicity of these proceedings almost as much as they did, our publishers were neither polite nor penitent in reply. Nevertheless they offered to return $500 for a full settlement of the case. Much against his inclination both as a public-spirited citizen and a duped author, Charles Blot accepted the proposal with a proviso that all of the books printed should be turned over to him for destruction. Soon afterward we went through the tragi-comic ceremony of burning these volumes, and only a carbon copy of the manuscript remains as the testimony to Charley Blot, author.

Adam Burrow heard me in silence. When I was through, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I think there is just time enough for a quick game of chess."

Lest the reader consider that the "tragicall historie" here presented is a venture into imaginative literature, I hasten to add in all seriousness that it is no farther from the actual truth than a superficial disguise of the main characters and, furthermore, that it is one of thousands of cases which have occurred in America during the past fifteen years. The disguise is made necessary by the natural aversion of the victims to the publicity which is incurred in a specific exposé. But even more conducive to this indirect treatment is the fact that, though obviously guilty of deceit and knavery, these swindlers are, in the main, legally invulnerable. It would therefore be considered libelous to disclose the identity of the bogus publishers who annually find more than 300 victims for their confidence game despite their manifest dishonesty. Even the United States Department of Justice, which for years sought to prosecute them on one of the many complaints that are constantly made, confesses itself baffled.

In fact, to date, legal action has succeeded in driving only two concerns out of business. Both were emboldened to overstep the bounds of legal security by the ease with which they had previously evaded all prosecution. The first fell as a result of a situation similar to that depicted in the experiences of Charley Blot. The second firm made its misstep in assuring one author the sale of a specified number of copies and thereby became liable to the charge of false representation. The victim, who had paid $1,650 as "her share of the publishing expenses" and given an additional sum of $350 as a personal loan to "expedite the printing of the work," forced her publishers into bankruptcy when she won her suit; but it is doubtful whether she recovered one-third of her money—and the company is again operating. These cases and another faker, now under investigation by the Department of Justice, who has been particularly active recently among the feminine poets of the renascent South, are exceptional. The other firms are content to keep within the limits permitted them by law under the contracts which they make with their authors. These contracts are so cleverly drawn that the apparent advantages offered to the writer are really disabilities, whereas the inconspicuous modifications of one clause or another actually negate all promises and invalidate all the claims that the author may have against the publishers who are thus pledged to a minimum of expenditure and gain a maximum of profit.

When the bogus publisher "accepts" a manuscript to be brought out at the writer's expense, he swindles the author by failing to render all of the important service that the reputable firms are able to perform, despite the fact that his charges are from two to ten times greater than an ordinary printer's would be for the same work. The faker has no salesmen visiting bookstores in an effort to place his stock before the public; he knows that the experienced bookseller will have none of it. Piling injury upon injury, he turns this inability to distribute the books to profit by charging for storage. He does no advertising; he seldom publishes a catalogue; and he hardly ever sends the books out for review through fear that some undiplomatic critic will disclose that it is more injurious to the reputation of a novice to appear under the imprint of this publisher than to admit the possession of an universally rejected manuscript. Whatever circulation such books receive is generally achieved by the writer himself who sends out as many autographed complimentary copies as he can afford to pay for. One victim, now a respected author with several legitimately published works to his credit, recently informed me that in addition to the $600 paid for bringing out his 48-page book of verse, he spent $300 in distributing half the edition and would now pay twenty times as much to retrieve the horrid witnesses of his ineptitude and vanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER has a friend who has a friend who has a friend—how many friends removed the Drifter is uncertain. But the ultimate friend who interests the Drifter so much that he wishes he knew him intimately is a Chinese philosopher. In his spare time, and being Chinese he has hardly anything else, he thinks about the Sphericality of Time. How time can be both spare and spherical is confusing to the Drifter. He will, however, spell Time with a capital T to indicate the philosophy of this Chinese, and ask the reader to ignore all the other times he may write as many times as they occur.

* * * * *

TO an American, the Drifter supposes, Time is linear and is measured off into hours and minutes that have no more width than the feet and inches on a yardstick. This endless line is forever unwinding itself like ticker tape, and the great game of life is to see how much you can write on the tape as it goes by. If you can crowd it so full of words that they cannot be read, you have a fair chance of winning the game. You are allowed as many secretaries as you can afford to help fill up your strip of tape; you train them not to waste a second. If an American could be found who cared about the Sphericality of me, he probably would not allow himself to think of anything so useless. Spherical or not, he would feel that it must not be wasted.

* * * * *

TO a European, however, Time would have at least two dimensions. It would cover the surface of life with an ample cloth on which there would always be room to spread an abundant dinner, in five or more courses, with wine. To a Russian, who is less and more than a European, it would be thick and solid, with sharp corners, like a block of wood that might be burned or buried, but could never be filled. And to a true Oriental, it appears, Time can be spherical; full and graceful, with the symmetry of independent things, existing in its own right like a planet, to be studied and admired but not touched. The Drifter would like to hear and if possible he would like also to understand the theory of the Sphericality of Time. His interest is such that he even promises to read a translation of any volume that his friend's friend's friend may have published on the subject. But he feels that so wise a man would not need to confide his discoveries to print. A man to whom time is spherical would not be bitten by the serpent of words. He would be content to know the truth in his own mind; or (if a scientist is too modest to claim knowledge) he would be content to suppose.

* * * * *

"THE serpent of words;" the Drifter hopes his reader or readers noticed that striking phrase. He does not pretend to have originated it, but he cannot remember to which of half a dozen aesthetic reviews of the young intellectuals to credit it. Words are coming in for a large share of abuse from writers who say they are unable to be as original as their talent would otherwise make them, because the language is so old. Words are "worn counters" that have lost their freshness and meaning. Yet if the Drifter is not mistaken, those who rail most loudly against them use them most profusely. They express their protest by using them in strange combinations, misspelled, or decapitalized; but to the Drifters' surprise they have made little or no attempt to invent new words.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER would like to see the neo-primitives discard entirely these obstacles to their originality and revert to picture writing, which they should find fresh, vivid, and difficult enough to suit their jaded palates. Our cave-dwelling ancestors must have had a great thrill of creative pride when they sent a picture of a man entering a dwelling from which arose the smoke of a cooking-fire, with three suns going down behind it, by way of inviting a neighbor to dinner three days in advance; and if the Drifter's possible readers object that hospitality had not reached so refined a stage in the days of caves, he contributes the suggestion for their own summer entertaining. He himself can never think of picture writing without regretting the simplified Chinese alphabet. The reform, while leaving the language at a degree of difficulty which paralyzes the imagination, would surely strip it of its most charming associations. The one character for whose loss the Drifter could not be consoled stands for the Chinese word meaning gossip. It is a simple and tasteful picture of three women.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Bondage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Years ago Rose Field, a brother of the immortal Gene, wrote a book called "The Bondage of Ballinger." Ballinger's bondage was books.

One night when he brought home a new book his wife, a patient and long-suffering victim of this bondage, said: "Ballinger, I understand the affection you have for your bondage; it gives you great joy, I know. But there is one thing that is absolutely certain—it will have to be curbed or it will not last; it cannot subsist upon an empty larder."

Ballinger, unlike most slaves, and perhaps most people, could see a point, even if it was directed against himself. He said he would try and do his best to curb it; that as a starter he would take back the book he had brought home and get the money for it. When he returned at night, however, he had Fox's "History of the Martyrs," for which he had exchanged the other book, paying one dollar and fifty cents to boot.

The plight of the Ballingers became a town topic. A wealthy gentleman who wanted to do Ballinger a good turn, and reap a little glory himself, proposed to Ballinger that he should found a town library, buy Ballinger's books, and put them in it, and call them "the Ballinger Collection." Ballinger, with a lump in his throat, a tear in his eye, and a quaver in his voice, said: "Would you sell your children?" The wealthy gentleman said, "No, of course not." "Then why do you ask me to? These are my only children," replied Ballinger.

A month or two ago, the partner of my many sorrows and few joys (I was 79 today) and I were trying to do what Briand and other European financiers have been trying to do since the war, balance the budget. In discussing ways and means for the accomplishment of that result, the Madame said: "Why not quit buying *The Nation?* Fifteen cents a week, sixty cents a month, seven dollars and twenty cents a year—that would buy you a pair of shoes, or go quite a way in buying you a pair of pants, both of which you sadly need."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Quit buying *The Nation?*" I said in astonishment. "My friend, counsellor and guide, which I have been following for half a century! Impossible! The shoes can be patched so that they will not show much, and the pants, too, and the patch won't show when I put on my top coat."

I thought of the bondage of Ballinger, and I mentioned it to her. With a far-away look she said: "I see, I see, I understand, I understand."

I am still buying *The Nation.*

Lombard, Ill., July 5 L. KNIGHT

The Docile American Business Man

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Stockholm conference of the International Chamber of Commerce has dissolved and the members of the American delegation have spread over the face of Europe. Some are looking from the rails of steamers at the mountains and black waters of Norwegian fjords; some are headed for Paris or London or Rome; but none, as far as I know, are going toward Moscow.

A group of them intended to go. Aboard the George Washington, on their way to Stockholm, they listened to a few facts about Russia and the opportunities there for American business men from Colonel Hugh L. Cooper. Several delegates determined to see for themselves, and then to report to their associates, what the workers' republic looked like. They even thought their opinion might be valuable to the Government.

Some doubt was expressed, however, concerning the possible attitude of the Department of State toward such a junket; so the delegates, "unwilling," as one of them expressed it, "to embarrass Secretary Kellogg in any way," decided to make the necessary inquiries through the American Embassy at Stockholm. They discovered, to their mild surprise, that Secretary Kellogg would not countenance any such plan.

Promptly and without protest they abandoned the trip; delegates from American chambers of commerce do not, it seems, question why. But, as an extremely unofficial observer, it occurred to me that this was an amazing stand for even our timorous Department of State to take. Have we reached the point where independent groups of American business men may not on their own initiative visit Russia? Or is it assumed by Secretary Kellogg that business men would naturally be mistaken for official representatives of the United States Government and that Russia might consider herself recognized?

I assume that this bit of State Department gossip did not get into the American press.

Oslo, Norway, July 4 FREDA KIRCHWEY

The Negro Peril

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: More than a tenth part of the American population are Negro people, but not even a twentieth part, perhaps not one-fiftieth, of American Communists are Negroes. A New York newspaper has just "discovered" the names and addresses of a few of these colored Communists with a resultant alarm and cry of "Help! murder! Congress must do something about it!"; yet a much smaller proportion of Negroes than of whites have heeded the call of Communism, in spite of the relatively much more unfavorable situation of the Negro population.

In order to make this Russian menace sound still more alarming, one newspaper, speaking of Negro students that have gone to be educated in the Eastern University at Moscow, says: "From 50 to 100 of these instruments of propaganda have been shipped out of the United States." In fact only five American Negro students could, after a long campaign, be induced to take advantage of the Soviet Government's world-wide offer for people to come and study under free scholarships in their university at Moscow—but more than 1,200 other students of other colors accepted: white, yellow, eastern and western—American white people, English white people, German white people, French white people, and many people from Asia. Only one Negro from Africa accepted. One of the five American Negro students died, so that the remaining "peril" is: one African, four live American Negroes and one dead one!

I suspect that the reason why so much noise is made whenever anybody is reported to be trying to "arouse" American Negroes, is that most American whites feel, deep down in their souls, that the Negroes ought to be aroused. We fear those whom we oppress: we are afraid that they may do what we think they ought to do. Not a single newspaper (with the exception, strange to relate, of one newspaper of Richmond, Virginia, which commented on the radical leanings of the Negro Labor Congress two years ago) has emphasized this point: that the way, and the only way, to prevent Moscow or somebody else from ultimately arousing the American Negro is to treat the Negro with more justice. A people treated as Negroes are treated in America, is certainly (as is stated by a Cincinnati paper, but in a different spirit) "the weakest place in the American armor." If the American Negro proves, ultimately, to be more open to "foreign" intrigue than are other elements of the population, it will be the failure of America rather than of the Negro.

More can be done in one year by defending the Negro against being burned alive in Mississippi and Missouri and from jim-crowism and insult in Cincinnati than could ever be done in a generation of "acts of Congress" and activities of the Department of Justice.

New York, July 10 WILLIAM PICKENS

Catholic Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a graduate of a Catholic high school and a reader of your weekly for many years, I am surprised that any reader of *The Nation* could advance the arguments used by Mr. Swift against the Catholic schools. Such ideas belong in the official organ of the Ku Klux Klan, not in a liberal journal. Surely the record of public achievement of graduates of Catholic schools is sufficient to dispel the idea that the church seeks to discipline or mold their minds to agree with its own political aspirations, even supposing the impossible situation of the church having political aspirations. We are not living in the Middle Ages. Since the foundation of our republic, has there ever been a Catholic disloyal to the principles of Americanism? I need only point to the records of men like Taney, White, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, and our own Al Smith.

The Catholic schools are here to stay. They are protected by the Constitution. Furthermore, this country will eventually elect a Catholic President, casting aside the shackles of religious bigotry. It will then remain for a Jew to be elected to the highest office in the land, and we shall have a realization of the true principles of Americanism, the principles of Thomas Jefferson.

Philadelphia, July 10 BRENDAN O'DWYER

From the Long-Range Weather Prophet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to thank you for your editorial of July 13. It is about the best treatment of the matter of long-range weather forecasting which has come to my attention.

When it is realized that the atmospheric meteorologists who control the governmental monopoly of weather bureaus as well as the chairs of meteorology in the universities, have failed to make any progress whatever in the direction of long-range

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weather forecasting, have in fact never been able to divorce themselves from the empirical methods which characterize all governmental forecasting of weather, it comes with ill grace for them to attack the fundamental proposition which I have advanced and on which my entire work is based—that long-range weather forecasting is a series of problems in thermal engineering in which the solutions of the great technicians of steam and internal combustion can be successfully applied.

Beyond this statement lies the discovery that the "lags" in the massing effects of the great ocean currents are as measurable as the time it takes for the crest of the Mississippi flood to pass from St. Louis to the Gulf. The longer the oceanic current, the greater the "lag." Since the curve of solar radiation is the primary cause of the oceanic changes, the measurement of the "lag" is the measurement of the time in advance for which the general terms of forecasts can be made.

I have no secrets. As rapidly as research has developed new material in this most interesting field, and tests have sustained the soundness of the deductions, I have made the information public. I still have a year of research material undergoing this rigid test. If any one thing is to be assigned to my credit, it is that I have taken the mystery out of long-range weather forecasting and have established it on the soundest lines of advanced engineering practice.

Washington, D. C., July 9 HERBERT JANVRIN BROWNE

Contemporary Verse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please permit us as editors of a poetry magazine to compliment you on your editorial Has Poetry Retired? The several score poems submitted to us daily prove there is no dearth of poetic expression. That more poems are not published is the fault of publishers and editors. The blame for the fact that more thoughtful "major" poems are not published must be laid chiefly at the same door. Our experience and that of other editors with whom we have matched notes prove that the few editors who prefer significant poems to pretty pictures and pleasing melodies find no difficulty in securing them. Poetry that deals vigorously with contemporary American themes has simply ceased to be a novelty, become less "newsy"—largely because so much more of it is written.

Our more mentally alert and aggressive poets, however, are writing for the most part poems that are more difficult to understand. Poetry's victories of about a decade ago were for the most part rather cheap. A very simple novelty of theme or treatment was enough to win attention for poems. The better poets now are more analytical, pioneering on the frontiers of consciousness, endeavoring with the psychologists to capture for man the new world of man's making. Not all, however, of the trend is, as you state, "so completely pessimistic, or rather, so deeply skeptical." Many, such as Lola Ridge and G. Merrill Root, who have each given us an important book in the past months, have found a faith in the labor movement.

Norwalk, Conn., June 25 RALPH CHEYNEY
LUCIA TRENT
Editors, *Contemporary Verse*

Enlightenment in Philadelphia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Strange things are happening in Philadelphia. Witness the recent accusation by Lieutenant Colonel Thomas J. Dickinson that school history texts are unfair and incorrect *toward Germany*. And witness the remarkable resourcefulness displayed by James M. Beck. Mr. Beck presided at a session of the American Academy of Social and Political Science. The topics under discussion were American relations with the Caribbean countries and Mexico. At the close of the meetings, after a dozen men had delivered formal papers, Mr. Beck was struck by a great light.

"I am sorry that no Mexicans have been invited to present their views," said he. "If there are Mexicans present, we should be glad to have them speak. But in their absence, I will ask the consul from Panama to explain Central America's attitude toward our policies."

Thirdly, both Victor Cutter, president of the United Fruit Company, and Guy Stevens of the oil producers' interest in Mexico have disclaimed any desire for armed intervention by this country. No one asked them, unfortunately, whether they personally would be willing to urge the fruit and oil men to sign a manifesto, similar to that of the missionaries in China, opposing the use of force by the United States to maintain the fruit and oil concessions.

Philadelphia, April 24 HARRY EMERSON WILDES

Massachusetts—There She Stands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two years ago the very best citizens of Massachusetts held up Southern provincialism for contempt and ridicule because the local prosecutor in the Scopes case referred to Mr. Darrow and his associates as "foreigners." Now Mr. John C. Hull, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in addressing a meeting of best citizens, voices what he says is the State's demand of all *outsiders* interested in the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti: "We would respectfully ask you to mind your own business." Whereupon, gentlemen in this neck of the woods are informed and believe, seven hundred and fifty best citizens leaped to their feet and cheered Mr. Hull to the rafters. Is it possible that the very best citizens of Massachusetts are as narrow as "common" folks in the South?

Alexandria, Virginia, July 15 JOSEPH B. DAY

Give the People Their Own War Power

By

THOMAS HALL SHASTID, M. D., LL. B., etc.

ALMOST the whole world is filled, now-a-days, with questions and discussions on peace and war. Especially, How can the world attain, if at all, to permanent peace? Yet not one person in ten thousand understands that, in no country on the globe, have the people themselves any vote, or legal say-so of any sort or kind, on war. What would happen if, in the four or five dominant nations of the world, the war-making power were removed from the hands of just a few politicians and placed in the hands of the people generally? To answer that question Dr. Shastid has written this book.

A volume that no one can read without a profound modification of all his peace-and-war views.

A peace book, yet a WAHR book.

Price, postpaid, $2.00

GEORGE WAHR, Publisher
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Music

This Rock

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

I tell you strangeness, the mystery older than love,
Inhabits this rock
So solidly angled, so legibly written upon by the sea.
Neither comfort of calm while the tides gather
Nor sea-weed's uninvited caress and dependence
Could give it pride of resolute standing.
Nothing in all the accomplished ages
Has tempted this rock to battle the sea;
Or to retreat.
No voice has whispered within it
That kindness transcendent
Has stationed it, stanchioned and braced,
To buttress this passive land.
Never, out of its virtue,
Has it opposed any wave's triumph. . . .
It has never willed to remain.

The Great German Puzzle

German After-War Problems. By Kuno Francke. Harvard University Press, 1927. $1.50.

THE veteran Harvard professor and head of the Germanic Museum has brought together in this little volume four essays which are the result of his visits to Germany in 1924, 1925, and 1926. They deal with intellectual currents in contemporary Germany, with the voice of hope of Count Keyserling, with German character in connection with the German-American, and with the German after-the-war imagination. Three of these essays appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly;* all four are worthy of more permanent, or better, separate form. That they are written in the best of spirit, with rare understanding and knowledge of both countries, and in attractive style, goes without saying. That they are genuinely critical adds to their worth.

Naturally one turns to the essay on German character first. Tomes have been written about it; no explanation of the extraordinary contradictions within it is satisfactory. Professor Francke realizes that the Germans are "non-political" and considers this not "a title of honor but an unfortunate limitation." The Germans have been unable to do that "sober persistent work in building up a free, national commonwealth such as the English people has engaged in for centuries"; only in rare moments has the whole German nation been united in common action. The unification of Germany Professor Francke considers a remarkable Bismarckian achievement but lacking "true political wisdom." So was, of course, his taking of Alsace-Lorraine, and his persecution of the Social Democrats and of all true liberals. Professor Francke falls back on the "depth of the individual personality" as the "peculiar virtue" of the German. He cites Luther, Bach, Schiller, Goethe, Kant, von Kleist, Wagner—all the long roll of German great men to prove that "politically sterile Germany has brought forth cultural values which benefit all striving men in all countries. . . ." To this he adds German respect for scholarship, intellectual training, etc., and the constructive power of the spirit.

I confess I do not find the explanation convincing. Other countries have had their great men and have placed great value upon cultural training, and yet have not failed either in political life, or in their relations with other countries. Of what does it avail a country to worship the professorial career and acclaim the spirit, and then to bow down before a political charlatan and poseur like the Kaiser and let him ruin its standing? We Americans, at least, while we worship our incredibly dull and banal Coolidge, lay no claim to exalting the intellect above the successful flyer, prize-fighter, or golf champion. We sincerely do our best to put America *Ueber Alles,* but if we put the thought to music we frankly jazz it. No, the explanation of those extraordinarily irritating cross-currents in the German character and of his usually bad international manners is still to seek. Who can really explain it?

Mr. Francke's book is a masterpiece of printing and reflects great credit upon the Harvard University Press.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Equal Responsibility?

Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy. By G. P. Gooch. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

THE author of this useful volume is one of the ablest of living Englishmen. He has done distinguished work as a historian of modern historiography, as a keen expositor of early modern English political thought, as the author of the best history of contemporary European diplomacy, as the biographer of Lord Courtney, and as the editor of the papers of Lord John Russell, the Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy, and the recently published British Documents on the crisis of 1914. Moreover, he has been prominent in English political life and has studied extensively abroad, so that his knowledge of European statesmen, history, and politics furnishes an illuminating contrast to the ignorance of Viscount Grey on these same subjects. A book by such a man on the outbreak of the World War is an international event.

The book is the outgrowth and expansion of a brochure of the same title published in 1922. In successive chapters the author lists and characterizes, country by country, the diplomatic documents, memoirs, diaries, and monographs published since 1918 which bear upon the problem of responsibility for the World War. A concluding chapter sets forth Dr. Gooch's conclusions as to the matter of responsibility for the World War, and it is worthy of careful and respectful analysis. It represents the contemporary verdict of the moderate and informed English opinion intermediate between the slashing assault on the Entente Epic by Morel and his group on the one hand and the pitiable apologetics of "die-hards" and "straw-clutchers" of the stripe of Headlam-Morley and Seton-Watson on the other.

In the first place one will be struck with the fact that the conclusions in the present volume are almost word for word identical with those expressed in Dr. Gooch's pamphlet of 1922 and in his "History of Modern Europe" written the same year. Yet there has been as much progress in the way of demolishing the Entente mythology between 1922 and 1927 as there was between 1918 and 1922. At the same time Dr. Gooch thoroughly repudiates the war-time version of unique Austro-German responsibility and comes out four-square as an exponent of divided or equal responsibility in the literal sense of that term. Now this conclusion is sweet, amiable, and comforting, and better adapted than any other to serve as the basis for the wiping away of war-time prejudices. It is also as destructive of all the foundations of the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and the Trianon as the position of the most pro-German extremists. Yet do not believe that the facts as to war responsibility, as we now know them, warrant stopping at the thesis of divided or equal responsibility, much as one might wish to do so from strategic and pedagogical considerations.

In the light of what we now know about Serbian plots and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intrigues, it is doubtful if the Austrian determination to attack Serbia in 1914 was as "short-sighted" as Dr. Gooch contends. Nor is it accurate to represent Russia as a consistent and solicitous protector of "brave and innocent little Serbia" in the light of 1908, and of the Russo-Turkish negotiations of 1911. France, says Dr. Gooch, "had no desire for war and took no step to precipitate it." We should like to ask Dr. Gooch to suggest how any country could have given more evidence of a desire for a war at the proper time than did France from March, 1912, to August, 1914, or how Poincaré could have acted more decisively than he did to precipitate war in 1914.

But the proof of the bankruptcy of the case for equal responsibility is most clearly revealed when Dr. Gooch admits that it cannot be sustained except upon the hypothesis that it is as defensible to slay for purposes of robbery as to shoot in self-defense. "It is true that while Austria fought under the banner of self-preservation, Russia, whom nobody threatened to attack, marched out to battle in the name of prestige; but in the accepted scale of national values, safety, honor, and prestige are motive-forces of approximately the same weight." Dr. Gooch's work may veritably be regarded as the requiem of the thesis of equal responsibility. This hypothesis could not have a more learned, persuasive, reasonable, and conciliatory exponent; but even he can sustain it only on the basis of considerations and evaluations which he would indignantly repudiate with respect to any other subject under the sun.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Fiction, Not Literature

Your Cuckoo Sings by Kind. By Valentine Dobrée. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

NOW that every year, every month, sees so many novels published it is more than ever necessary clearly to understand what it is that separates ordinary story-telling from the gift of producing fiction which may be judged as literature. At every chance there are to be found popular critics ready to applaud as lasting works of art volumes that are in their essence limited and banal. It is not sufficient for a novel to describe some aspect of life in an interesting way. If it is to take its place among those precious volumes which some inscrutable instinct of the human race is diligent to preserve, it must reveal in its treatment that passionate intensity, that passionate consciousness, belonging alone to genius.

The admirable title of this book, and the sympathetic tone in which it is written, might well persuade many people to regard it as a work of lasting merit. This it is not. Mr. Dobrée has tenderness, moral indignation, a knowledge of psychology, but he lacks the deep imaginative insight that can pierce through the surface of existence. He can portray with precision ordinary events and experiences, but never once does he, or do his characters, reveal themselves as capable of that inspired vision which in really great writing does so much to illumine the uncertain wayfaring of our race. Once again it is shown that the whole matter depends upon style. This ambiguous word can always be made the test of the temper of an author. Read a page from any great writer and in a few sentences there will be revealed a certain clear tone or ring, like the clash of a sword on iron, which is different enough from the confused murmur arising from what is ordinary and undistinguished. Marcel Proust has it, Thomas Mann has it, and sometimes even Mr. James Joyce, but it is not to be found in "The Constant Nymph," nor in "Elmer Gantry," no, not even in "A Passage to India." Books of this kind, in spite of the universal applause that greets them, are essentially books of a period and they will not bide. I write this because I wish to make quite clear what I mean when I say that I consider "Your Cuckoo Sings by Kind" as a work that has little more virtue in it than many another good up-to-date work of fiction. Perhaps it is best to regard it in the light of propaganda favoring a more sensitive and enlightened attitude in the direction and management of young children, an attitude that would never create monstrous images of sin out of childish misdemeanors.

Mr. Dobrée has presented a most horrible woman in his Mrs. Harris, but she is so ordinary, so exactly like the kind of person one has continually to be avoiding in actual life, that from the first it is evident that no new thing is to be revealed through her. Also, possibly, the author shows himself more clearly on the side of the angels than is justified in a world of "cold art." The bedroom scene describing the arrival of Sir William's letter demanding the release of his children is, to say the least of it, grim. An evil and domesticated woman spreading herself about on a double bed thinking of pickled eggs and the prospect of cutting her big toe nails. It has power, but not power enough to reconcile us to our deep disgust.

Maybe it would be clearer and fairer if I selected certain sentences as illustrations of what I mean when I assert that Mr. Dobrée has not as yet an appreciation of what style means. "An absurd little photograph, taken by a village photographer, reached him out in India. It was as far from the truth as a faked mist which some city photographers wilfully create about their clients, only at the other extreme, producing a tabloid, constipated race of beings." Or again, "Still, none of them could quite understand how it was Mrs. Dean came to be their particular friend and equally to be at home with Mrs. Thing-ummy-bob." Or again, "She learned the pleasures of the indulgence of the imagination, the easy, inconsequent, lie-in-a-hammock kind." To conclude, I am inclined to think that Mr. Dobrée's own imagination is of the "lie-in-a-hammock kind"; and yet there are occasions when he writes with simple dignity —for example, when the unfortunate Christina, clinging to Mrs. Dean's hands, exclaims: "There is virtue in your hands, Aunt Frances, like cold water when one is thirsty."

LLEWELYN POWYS

A Critique of Science

The Logic of Modern Physics. By P. W. Bridgman. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE cataclysmic reformulations and somewhat paradoxical discoveries of recent years have made necessary a reinterpretation of the fundamentals of science. Mr. Bridgman has made this searching analysis for physics. Only his long training in the laboratory could have made possible the knowledge, insight, and accuracy with which he has clarified its basic notions. He has tried to purge this science of all unnecessary (because experimentally useless) concepts, and to eliminate from them all those implications which have no value, functionally speaking. Here science is reduced to its essentials; it is at its fighting weight, using only those ideas which have experimental efficacy.

The broadest principle of physics is that of "connectivity . . . that it is possible to correlate any of the phenomena of nature with other phenomena"; while "the mere statement of a correlation between phenomena" is the essence of scientific explanation. He holds that the past history of events is vital to their present behavior, and that isolation is impossible because "phenomena in any system are effected by motion in respect to the entire universe"; that reference systems describe the "same event if the discontinuous boundaries of the event are the same, irrespective of the appearance of the event in the two systems"; that the concepts of energy, heat current, and electromagnetic field are practically sterile, and that "light means nothing more than *things lighted*," so that "it is meaningless or trivial to ascribe physical reality to light in intermediate space, and light as a thing traveling must be recognized to be a pure invention."

Physics, for him, no longer points to a closed, simple,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

geometrical universe, where apriori mathematicians usurp the place of the Omniscient. Different levels of experience require different concepts. As the imperceptible is approached, those concepts which before were obviously independent yield no experimental differences and thus have no separate physical significance. It is the functional independence and applicability, not the number or simplicity of the concepts, that is now seen to be important. Simplicity may be a great stimulus for investigation, but the world is proving to be more complex than was expected; not everything seems capable of analysis into simpler components, nor are all relations capable of statement in terms of elementary mathematical equations. To conquer the new, additional concepts must often be forged. What surety is there that these are capable of generalization or reduction?

This urge toward the limitation of meaning to verifiable properties impels Mr. Bridgman to question the contentions of the modern Pythagoreans. Because mathematics presupposes a descriptive background before it can be applied, and because it seems to make statements regarding properties (such as the character of the inside of an electron), in places where physical concepts have no experimental value, he considers their view of physics to be erroneous. This is to be parsimonious with a vengeance. Mathematics, like all theoretical sciences, must be applied with discretion and must always take a universe for granted, which, of course, does not deny that all functional properties may be described in terms of it.

Some day, perhaps, a Kant will arise who will deal not only with the independence and meaning of the concepts but with their internal and mutual consistency and their possible completeness. He will describe the boundaries, assumptions, and methodology of science and will limit its pretensions and disclose its presuppositions, and not until then will physics be correctly and thoroughly understood. Part of the task has now been attempted, but in a work which is difficult and much too short. "The Logic of Physics" is a hard book; it demands much knowledge and patience with a not always felicitous style. Vital concepts such as space, force, and mass get scant attention, while the theoretical and practical methodology of physics is almost entirely ignored. Yet the book is as important as it is difficult and as enlightening as it is brief; the functional meanings have been so ably treated that an important part of the prolegomena is already completed.

PAUL WEISS

The Constitution Today

The Living Constitution. By Howard Lee McBain. The Workers Education Bureau Press. $1.50.

THE Constitution of the United States has long suffered from a plethora of encomium and invective, so that a new book on the subject appears at first a somewhat dubious hazard. It is a relief, then, to find in the first of the series of books to be published by the Workers' Education Bureau at its own press no mere handbook from which the hundred percenter may glean a few more platitudes to show that the American Constitution is the nostrum of all the ills of mankind, nor yet another attempt to furnish ammunition for those who would hurl misprision at that much-berated document. Instead, it is a reasoned discussion of the actualities of the system of government under which we live, and furnishes meat for the serious student of political science as well as for the tyro in the field.

Professor McBain is essentially a realist in his political thinking, for he envisages politics and government as they are, not only as they might be. To him the Constitution is far from a static document, but is alive in the sense that all life implies ever-continuing change. Judicial interpretation, political party influence, custom, and the action or inaction of Congress and the President have instituted a never-ending process of variation from the hoary document drafted in 1787. It is the task of Professor McBain to show wherein some of these changes lie, and in the attempt he often walks in where angels might fear to tread. For example, in the general introductory chapter on written constitutions which gives a background of theory for the practical considerations to follow, he shows that, contrary to general opinion, the British constitution is not as flexible as it seems and the American written document, on the other hand, is more so.

Brief and filled with solid material as the book is, it is pervaded by a genial good humor which but rarely deserts the author. Often he writes with his tongue in his cheek at the obvious absurdities of the situation. Only now and then does he forget to stand aside and smile from his wide perspective, as when he calls Senator Borah "our arch-isolationist, trouble-making, diplomacy-bungling chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations." Professor McBain, with an unfailing charm of style, has shown in the compass of less than three hundred pages that "the Constitution of the United States was *not handed down on Mount Sinai by the Lord God of Hosts*," but that it is a human instrument, lacking in perfection and perfectibility, yet good withal. He has also shown that political science may be accurate and painstaking and yet be literature.

JANE PERRY CLARK

Finis Coronat Opus

Diplomatic Episodes in Mexico, Belgium, and Chile. By Henry Lane Wilson. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.

SOME of the interest that induces kitchen-maids to read *Snippy Stories* to learn of the grand manners and peccadillos of duchesses attaches to these Chilean and Belgian episodes, told in the best, therefore sometimes boring, form of diplomatic memoirs. Mr. Wilson walks with lofty superiority, exhaling the aroma of the true hand-on-the-breast diplomat, an aroma easily sniffed by admiring yokel editors still imbued with the Old Guard patriotism of the nineties whose highest manifestation of humor is heresy-hunting. Other diplomats may wither under the blazing tropic sun; Mr. Wilson proceeds composed and unflushed as September Morn. The mental qualities of Francisco Madero, President of Mexico, may develop into a "homicidal, dangerous form of lunacy," but Mr. Wilson, through every tragic occurrence, retains such calm judgment that he puts a lily-white wreath of innocence upon the head of Victoriano Huerta, the most brutal President since Santa Ana. Add to anecdotes descriptions of mountain scenery, stylistically inferior to Baedeker or Terry, quote tinsel poetry before old castles, inform the reader that the commercial possibilities of Panama "leap beyond the bounds of imagination," thrill to the "drum beats of England encircling the world," pat everyone on the back who has pleasant manners, remind the reader that somebody's death was "a shock to all," accuse the high-bred lady of being "withal an excellent mother and wife and a model of virtue," remember the exact number of courses served by Leopold and other nonentities, have all services close "impressively," in short, keep to the social column gush, and in the years to come backwoods school-teachers will be able to hold up another model son of the patria for emulation.

Mr. Wilson's analysis of the Diaz regime is exceedingly superficial, and though he remarks that fully 80 per cent of the population "was without an abiding-place except by sufferance," he shows no sympathy for the struggles of that 80 per cent for liberation; nor does he for one moment feel, let alone understand, the great forces sweeping Mexico; nor does he at any point mention, let alone grasp, the magnitude of the problems represented by the destructive conflict between modern industrialism represented by American capital and the semi-feudal system south of the Rio Grande. Neither does he, in the midst of his bombastic concern for American property, reveal the scandalous manner in which many of the American concessions were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

illegally or unjustly acquired, or make known the exaggerated and questionable character of some of the claims he pressed, not diplomatically but irritably and angrily. Certainly, Mr. Wilson could not be expected to reveal his backdoor connections, via his brother, with the associates of the Guggenheims (smelter competitors of the Madero family), or tell of the clique of surviving Cientifico grafters with whom he hobnobbed, or give the true composition of the adulatory Committee of the American Colony which whitewashed him. Mr. Wilson's strongest alibi is the subsequent blundering of Woodrow Wilson and Bryan.

Mr. Wilson wishes, above all, to exonerate himself and Huerta of the oft-repeated charge of not having taken proper steps to safeguard Madero's life. The officer of the guard, when Madero was shot down, was promptly promoted; Huerta perpetrated other savage assassinations. As for Mr. Wilson, in a most trying moment of Madero's career the ambassador seized upon a doubtful rumor that the Government intended to arrest and execute ex-President Francisco de la Barra, and insultingly sent a hostile note of warning. De la Barra's safety was none of Wilson's official business; but in the case of Madero, Wilson had direct and grave responsibility, since he had, through the Spanish minister, asked the President to resign and so became sponsor for Huerta's treason. But in a crucial hour a note requesting that Madero's life be respected, a note scribbled by Wilson's wife on a visiting card, sufficed—so much confidence did Wilson have in the drunken assassin newly at the helm and in ladies' visiting cards! Wilson, at the tearful importunity of Madero's wife, whom he told that Madero was "a very wicked man," later made two lukewarm efforts, and while he easily saved the lives of associates of Madero, the latter—shortly after Wilson received Huerta and his brummagem crew under the American Embassy roof in a blaze of festive lights and Stars and Stripes to determine the personnel of the new cabinet—went down to a vilely treacherous death. Mr. Wilson might have made a good engraved-card ambassador to Diaz; as poison-cup ambassador to Madero he helped spill years of bloodshed across Mexican history.

CARLETON BEALS

Books in Brief

The Green Rising. By W. B. Bizzell. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A former president of an agricultural college, now head of the university of a rural State, Oklahoma, Dr. Bizzell has the background necessary for an adequate interpretation of the present agrarian movement. His book is clear, accurate, and tolerant—the best introduction so far published to contemporary agricultural problems. After tracing the history of agrarianism, the author shows that the present tendencies in the field are world wide, although taking on somewhat different aspects in various countries. He discusses conditions in the United States in detail and gives the arguments for and against proposed solutions of the agrarian problem. His own view favors tariff adjustment, scientific classification and utilization of land, balanced production, adequate credit for productive purposes, and the development of cooperative marketing.

Palmerston. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

In Lord Palmerston Mr. Guedalla has a fine subject for his vivid phrasing and swift allusiveness. For this statesman carried the dignity and audacities of the aristocratic life of the eighteenth century more than halfway through the nineteenth. "A Regency beau, he spoke in debate when Pitt and Mr. Fox had not long fallen silent, and he was Secretary at War against Napoleon." He was a Minister at 25, and held high office, with some intervals of opposition, until his death at 81. The wicked Crimean War was in large part his doing, and he was the promulgator of the great doctrine, "Civis Romanus Sum," which has led England into trouble and conquest in all parts of the earth. He had some admirable qualities with the familiar defects of his age and caste. But to say, as Mr. Guedalla does, that "The life of Palmerston was the life of England and, to a large extent, of Europe in the last sixteen years of the eighteenth and the first sixty-five of the nineteenth centuries" is a wild exaggeration of the importance of "high politics."

A History of Hebrew Civilization. By Alfred Bertholet. Translated by A. K. Dallas. Brentano's. $4.50.

This book is an attempt to narrate the life-story of the ancient Hebrews along broader lines than those followed in the usual works on either the history or the religion of Israel. "Civilization" is here employed in the sense of the original term (*Kulturgeschichte*) as the sum total of a people's experiences, customs, activities, and thinking. The period of history under review extends from the beginnings of Hebrew settlement in Palestine until the end of Old Testament times. A proper setting for the understanding of the origins of Israelitish culture is provided by a preliminary description of the civilization which the Hebrews gradually supplanted and absorbed. After the Israelites had fully possessed themselves of the land the distinctive characteristics of their own civilization are exhibited in their family and domestic life, in the trades and callings that were followed, in the forms of their social intercourse, in their political institutions, in their jurisprudence, education, and artistic interests, and in their religion. So wide a survey, if it were to preserve due proportion in the treatment of its several parts and to maintain uniform accuracy in details, could be made only by a competent scholar like Professor Bertholet.

Canadian Labor Laws and the Treaty. By Bryce M. Stewart. Columbia University Press. $6.

The chief purpose of Mr. Stewart's book is to put, side by side, the ideals for labor of the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations and the measure of conformity to these achieved by Canada. The successive chapters deal with working hours, provision for a weekly day of rest, restriction on child labor, a living wage, and so on. While, in some respects, labor legislation in Canada follows English precedents, organized labor is weak as a political force. In both the federal and the provincial parliaments the labor members are few and the labor unions lack the privileges of the English unions. Legislation as to conditions of labor is often in advance of enforcement, while federal and provincial powers sometimes seem to overlap. Canada, already the sixth industrial country in the League of Nations, is developing a vast mining industry, especially in the precious metals, and this will bring increased attention to laws respecting labor.

The Sociology of Rural Life. By Horace Boies Hawthorn. The Century Company. $3.75.

That socialization of rural life offers a guaranty against peasantry and a promise of individual satisfaction for the farm dweller is the thesis of this book. The author deals at length with economic and other factors involved in his theory and discusses various agencies of socialization, such as the church, the farm organization, the lyceum, and the country newspaper. The standard of measurement employed is chiefly "vital and constructive social contacts," which doubtless will appeal to the "men of vision upon our social watch-towers."

The Farmer's Campaign for Credit. By Clara Eliot. D. Appleton Company. $3.

Here is a scholarly and useful summary of the efforts, chiefly during the last decade, to provide a credit system adequate to the needs of agriculture in a highly organized society. Special attention is given to the agricultural depression, which the author rightly attributes largely "to matters of war finance and of overstimulated agricultural production." Membership in the Federal Reserve System by eligible banks generally, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

existence of an intermediate credit system—which did not come into being until 1923—would, the author believes, have done much to mitigate the severity of the crisis. Her suggestions for the future are chiefly in the way of warning with reference to experiments favoring "commodity paper," to attempts to utilize credit to maintain the prices of specific commodities, and to the view that banks have no responsibility for price movements. Both bankers and farm leaders will be benefited by reading this book on a subject on which neither class as a whole is any too well informed.

Music

The Beethoven Festival at Bonn

BEGINNING and ending with the Missa Solemnis, Bonn has just concluded her annual tribute to her greatest son, Ludwig van Beethoven. This year the tribute became a rite, for this year marks the centenary of his passing. It is not surprising, therefore, that the five concerts were sold out long in advance, or that, to satisfy public demand, they had to be immediately repeated, thus prolonging the Festival. And so for ten days hundreds of visitors have been crowding the narrow, winding streets of this famous old university town on the Rhine, while hundreds of flags of all colors have braved wind and rain to welcome them. Among these gaily colored banners, however, were a few in black and white—an unconvincing reminder that Ludwig van Beethoven had died. Nor did the memorial services preceding the Festival and the wreaths around Beethoven's statue add to this conviction. Never, indeed, could the great master have seemed more alive when he walked the cobble-stones of his native town in the flesh than he did at this moment. The shop windows were fairly plastered with his photographs, with his music, and with the numerous books that had been written about him. Posters bearing his picture greeted one at every turn of the street. His name was on everyone's lips, on concert hall and public building, on even the boats that plow up and down the Rhine; while the crowds bore witness to the living place he still holds.

On the evening of Sunday, May 22, came the first concert—the Missa Solemnis, given by the local chorus and orchestra of Bonn under the city's musical director, F. Max Anton, with guest soloists from Vienna, Munich, and other cities. The program of the second evening presented the First and Third Symphonies, under Siegmund von Hausegger of Munich, and the piano concerto, Op. 72, No. 5, played by Elly Ney; the program of the third evening, two string quartets by the Wendling Quartet from Stuttgart, and the Trio for piano, clarinet, and 'cello, Op. 11, with Mme. Ney assisting; that of the fourth evening, the Ninth Symphony with the local chorus (Fritz Busch of Dresden conducting), preceded by the violin concerto in D, Op. 61, played by Adolph Busch, brother of the conductor; while the fifth concert took place the next morning, ending the series with the piano sonata in C minor, Op. 111, played by Edwin Fischer of Berlin, the song cycle, An die Ferne Geliebte, sung by Karl Erb, tenor of the Munich Opera, and, last of all, the Septet in E, Op. 20.

From a purely virtuoso standpoint, the climax of the Festival was achieved by Adolph Busch in his playing of the violin concerto. Purity of tone and musicianship, technical finish, and a refreshing simplicity of manner distinguished his performance throughout. His colleagues of the Festival might well have learned from him, for mannerisms clouded his brother's reading of the Ninth Symphony, and superficiality Dr. von Hausegger's readings of the First and Third; while the other soloists were lacking in much of the musical and technical qualities above noted. One could not but regret that Bonn had not called upon Germany's greatest artists for such a great occasion.

However, the audience was deeply appreciative of all that it heard. Elly Ney, herself born in Bonn, received a rousing welcome from her townspeople; and each succeeding artist had a like ovation. To this writer the Mass and the chorus in the Ninth Symphony sounded painfully high—their intentions obscured by the Master's physical affliction. On the other hand, I was reminded in the earlier works, such as the Trio, with its bürgerliche themes and fresh humor, how much the young Beethoven belonged to this gay and singing province where "folly grows on the banks of the Rhine." And it was this spirit of the youthful Beethoven, as yet in harmony with its surroundings, that marked this Festival at Bonn from other festivals in his honor, just as the humble little house in the Bonnergasse, where it was first manifested, marks Bonn itself from all other cities.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

THEATER

GILBERT MILLER Presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
in The Constant Wife
By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

GILBERT MILLER and A. H. WOODS present
JEANNE EAGELS
In "Her Cardboard Lover"
By JACQUES DEVAL
Adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse
EMPIRE B'way & 40th St., Eves., 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

Little Theatre
44th Street West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. at popular prices.
THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES
"One cannot find anywhere in New York more clever ideas, more fresh satire or more verve."—Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation*.

CHANIN'S BILTMORE THEATRE West 47th St. Tel. Chickering 5161
CHARLES L. WAGNER
(In Association with Edgar Selwyn) presents
The BARKER
By KENYON NICHOLSON
with WALTER HUSTON
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30. Eves. at 8:30.

MOTION PICTURE

2ND BIG WEEK AMERICAN PREMIER
TOLSTOY'S "POWER OF DARKNESS"
ENACTED BY MOSCOW ART PLAYERS
Directed by ROBERT WIENE, Director of "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"
Crime and Punishment.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE DAILY—2 TO 11:30 P. M.
Popular Prices—50c. until 6 P. M. and 75c. thereafter.
Sat. and Sun. 75c. all day.
55th STREET CINEMA West 55th Street, Just East of 7th Ave. Phone Circle 0129

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Industrial Exploration

By BENTON MACKAYE

[*This is the concluding article in a series of three appearing in successive issues.*]

III. Charting the World's Resources

NATURAL resources form the source; human requirements determine the destination—the source and destination of the commodity stream.

Industrial exploration consists in charting the commodity stream, and the system of such streams constituting the system of industry. The commodity stream has three parts: source, destination, and "flow" between. We have considered the flow, and also the destination: now for the source.

Water, soil, forests, ores. These supply the matter of life. Chart 6 shows the major world centers of the primary staples: foods, textiles, and building requisites. The size of each circle shows the proportionate potential supply in each country of the staple named.

Wheat and rice form the principal cereals. About 97 per cent of the world's rice crop is located in the Far Eastern countries which also produce and consume a large quantity of wheat. Outside of these countries the largest center of wheat production is Western Europe. This region, however, consumes more wheat than it produces and so draws upon the supplies of North America, Argentina, India, and Australia.

Three-fifths of the world's cotton is grown in the United States from Virginia to Texas; India and China together supply another fifth. The rest comes from Egypt, Turkestan, Brazil, and elsewhere. A third of the world's wool is supplied from the far southern countries of Argentina, Australia, and South Africa, which again contribute to make up the deficiency of Western Europe.

The bottom map of Chart 6 (building requisites) presents a rough measure of the forest and mineral resources of each country. The proportions indicated by the circles showing the wood supply are based on estimates of the potential forest growth in each country. The proportions for iron and for coal are based on the estimated iron ore and coal reserves in each country. Coal obviously is not a building material, but neither is iron until it has been smelted by coal (i.e. coke). Coal and iron ore are in effect the "ingredients" of *metallic* iron. They are basic requisites both for buildings and for "things."

The United States of America stands out, potentially, as the prime world region in the iron ingredients. Add Cuba and Newfoundland and the strength would be doubled. North America potentially far outstrips Europe as an iron power. Brazil is supposed to contain the largest iron ore deposits in the world, but South America as a whole contains almost no coal. China's coal supply is huge; it equals that of Atlantic America, but the amount of iron in sight is comparatively meager. Therefore the United States and Europe stand out as the natural seats of "iron civilization."

The outstanding regions of surplus wood and timber appear to be Siberia and Russia, the Pacific coast of North America, and (for tropical woods) Brazil. Ultimately, when timber culture replaces timber mining, there will be relocations. Rubber (with gasoline and automobiles) is vital in iron civilization. The world crop at present comes almost wholly from India and the East Indies.

The sun's energy comes to us through different channels. Energy possessed by human beings comes through wheat and corn and foods, which come in turn through the sun's rays and sun-drawn waters. But aside from humans (and animals) the sun's energy comes to us, for the most part, through coal and falling water and petroleum. The proportionate potential horse-power from these three combined is shown, for each country, in Chart 7.

Again the United States stands out. She has more than a fourth of the world's total potential horse-power, the bulk of it to be derived from the energy stored in coal. Europe *in toto* possesses about a sixth of the world's horse-power; China a fifth: in each case coming principally from coal. But China's coal again is largely impotent. For the iron is not there to work upon—neither to smelt nor fashion *into "things." China is a future cotton factory* perhaps, but not, as discoveries show thus far, a first-class iron civilization.

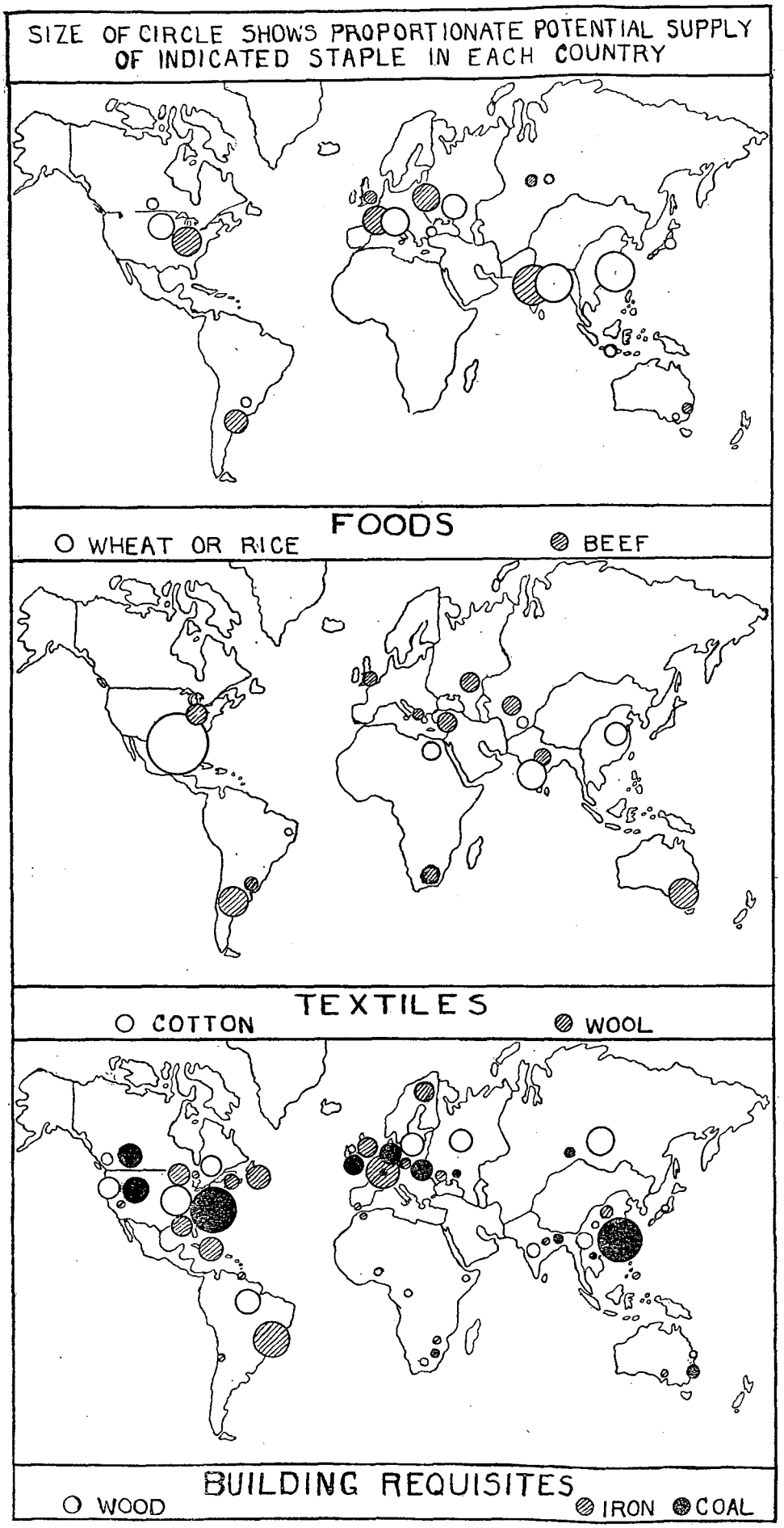
Water-power outshines coal only in Africa and in South America. Practically all the energy in Africa is water-power: 28 per cent of the world's water-power is in the Congo region alone. South America's power, chiefly from water, forms but a meager proportion of the world's total energy. Petroleum does not count heavily in the world's total potential energy. But it has a virtue which the other giants do not have—mobility. And it may become more immediately spectacular than both the other forms of horse-power put together.

Natural resources, like human requirements, vary with climate, with country, with civilization. What resources go with the various civilizations of the world? We have already roughly charted them (Charts 6 and 7). These results have been combined so as to show, in a crude and off-hand fashion, the potential strength of each country in terms of a percentage of the planet's aggregate resources. In making this estimate, agricultural resources (as measured by the production of foods and textiles) have been reckoned as a third of the planet's total; timber growth and "iron ingredients" as a third; and total horse-power as a third.

The results are shown on Chart 8. The size of each circle shows the estimated percentage in each country of the planet's aggregate resources. What do the charts tell us about the various countries and civilizations?

The East: China and India. These countries (according to the estimate) contain nearly a fifth of the world's total resources (chiefly foods, cotton, and wood). India's resources are well balanced but China's are somewhat lopsided on account of the superfluity of coal. These countries contain but a handful of iron as compared with the Western countries. They are the last stronghold of the non-iron civilization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



6. MATERIAL RESOURCES OF THE WORLD.

The West: Western Europe and its transplants. The transplant in North America contains the lion's share of world resources (nearly a third). There is a good balance of the main staples plus tremendous surpluses of cotton, iron, and coal. Britain and Western Europe together contain less than a sixth of the world's total resources. Their supplies of iron nearly equal those of North America but they are deficient in foods, textiles, and wood. These are supplied mainly from the United States and Canada, and from the three southern satellites of the West (Argentina, South Africa, and Australia).

The Tropics: Northern South America, Equatorial Africa, and the East Indies contain about a tenth of the earth's resources (chiefly hard wood in the Amazon and water-power in the Congo and rubber in the East Indies).

The Russians: Russia, Siberia, and Turkestan. Less than a tenth of the earth's resources. A balanced but very meager supply of iron and coal in Russia, and a little coal (unbalanced with iron) in Siberia. A surplus of wood in both countries. The Russians promise to be largely self-sufficient, though they must exchange their surplus wheat and wood for iron products made by their Western neighbors.

The Japanese: Japan is a head without a body. Her resources, figured on a world scale, are almost non-existent. She must depend on China and the mainland.

Such is our estimate of world resources: a putting together of the best official guesses that could readily be found. It presents a crude comparison of the East and West. Each has its requirements and its resources. China and India represent the East; America and Europe, the West. The Russians are both; so are the Japanese but in a different way. The tropical and far southern countries have come to be adjuncts of the West.

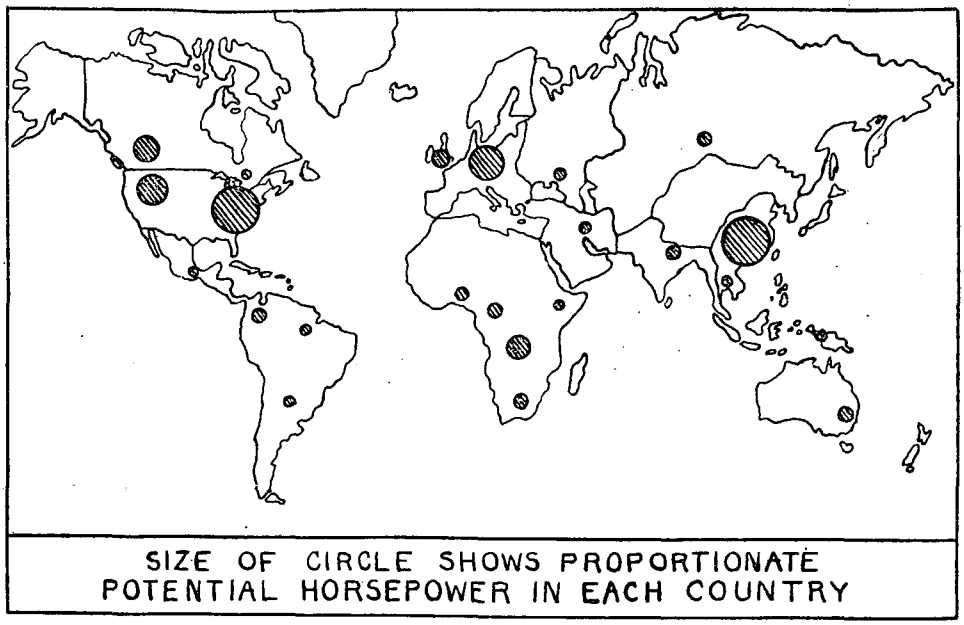
The countries of theNorthern Hemisphere make the bulk of the world—nine-tenths of the population, five-sixths of the resources. They present some interesting contrasts. The East is top-heavy in population: China and India contain about 45 per cent of the earth's people but less than 20 per cent of its resources. America is top-heavy in resources; 32 per cent of the resources but only 7 per cent of the population. Western Europe (with Britain) is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

top-heavy either way, though proportionate population somewhat exceeds proportionate resources.

How does all this affect our exploration? How does it affect commodity flow? Will the present flow into Western Europe of surplus foods and textiles from America and India and the South go on indefinitely?—or will Europe's surplus population itself begin to "flow" sufficiently to equalize the situation? Will the surplus populations of the Eastern countries also get to flowing; or will they equalize matters within their own realm? Is there a "yellow peril" to America from the flow of Oriental population? Will a surplus flow of steel from America and Europe smother an Oriental civilization by an iron one? Is there also a "white peril"?

These are a few of the questions about commodity flow which are unearthed by the crudest sort of charting.



7. ENERGY RESOURCES OF THE WORLD.

And another point is brought out: Commodity flow lies at the bottom of population flow. Development of potential commodities creates employment, and population ever follows the prospective job.

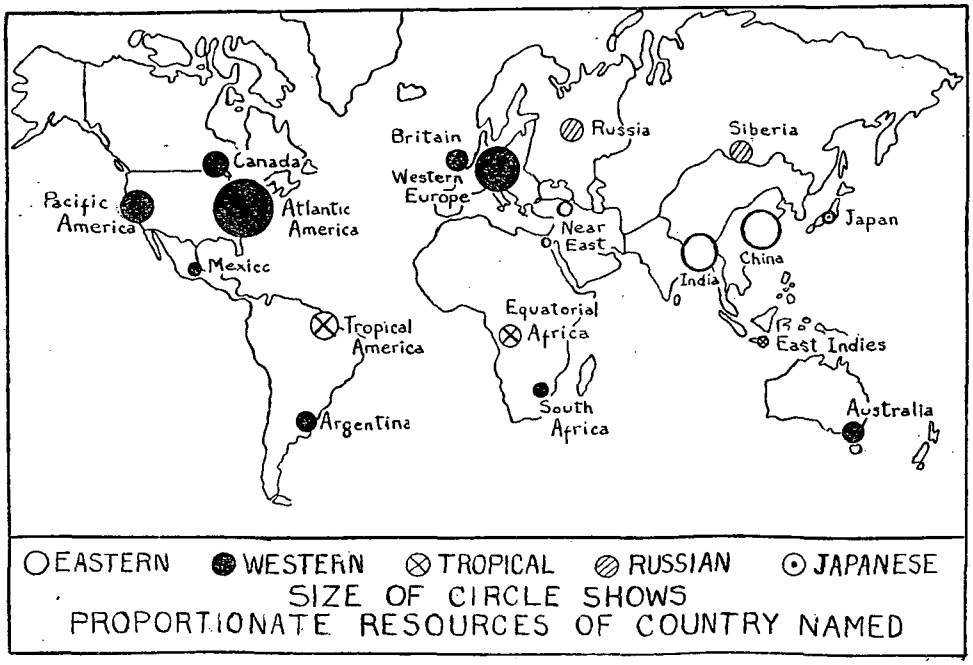
The situation here described brings matters straight home. Here in the eastern half of the United States (with our Dakota wheat, Iowa beef, Mississippi cotton, Ohio wool, Messaba and Birmingham iron, West Virginia coal, and all that goes between) we probably have the biggest single collection of life's sources that exists upon the planet. But we have, compared with other lands, only a handful of people.

How about the prospective industrial development of this world region? Will the prospective flow of commodities and population run wild and overwhelm us in one great industrial and metropolitan flood?—or will the flow somehow be controlled?

What sort of place to live in is America going to be? Can the forces of iron industrial civilization be controlled so as to effect, without undue waste of man-power, a plenty or a sufficiency of food and clothes and homes, and at the same time develop the fullest and best in the true American environment?

This is one and the same question which confronts the Chinese in Shanghai. Can the forces of this same iron industrialism, issuing out of America and the West, be controlled, in China, so as to effect plenty for the average Chinese human being without impairing the fullest and best in the Oriental environment? This question has its counterpart in every land where industrial civilization is going on its way.

Will this Western iron civilization, as Oswald Spengler suggests, harden and crumble away. Will it, as others predict, collapse in a series of convulsions? Or can it somehow save itself; can a mold be found on which a coming industry may be built? There is, in the mountain pass, a "most serviceable" line or grade on which to build a railway. But to find it takes the eye of the engineer explorer. It takes the same eye, only with more potent vision, to find and visualize a new mold for industry.



8. RESOURCE STRENGTH OF CIVILIZATIONS.

The traffic in the streets of New York City and the traffic in the streets of Shanghai are parts of one great flow. Wherever it appears (as at the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street) its problems belong not to the particular city, not to the state, not even to the nation, but to the world. The tracing and charting of this flow—each stream from source to destination—constitutes the field of a coming quest: not terrestrial but industrial exploration.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors to This Issue

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD is the leader of the Labor Party in the British Parliament and former Premier of Great Britain.

FREDA KIRCHWEY, managing editor of *The Nation*, is in Europe for the summer.

ROBERT S. ALLEN was at the Northwestern Agricultural Conference in St. Paul for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON is a geographer and a member of the faculty of Yale University.

JOHAN SMERTENKO is a critic who contributes frequently to *The Nation*.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War," and a professor at Smith College.

PAUL WEISS is a contributor of philosophical articles to current magazines.

JANE PERRY CLARK is a secretary of the International Immigration Service.

CARLETON BEALS, who lives in Mexico City, has recently published a volume of his early Mexican experiences, "Brimstone and Chili."

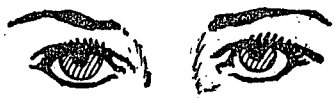
LLEWELYN POWYS, author of "The Verdict of Bridlegoose" and other books, is living in Dorsetshire, England.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the faculty of New York University.

HENRIETTA STRAUS, *The Nation's* music critic, is now attending the music festivals in Europe.

BENTON MACKAYE is a regional planner.

BOOKS



PERFECT SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES
By W. H. BATES, M.D.

The author of this book presents evidence that all errors of refraction are caused by strain—and cured by rest and relaxation.

The complete method of treatment is described so clearly that the reader can usually discard his glasses and improve his vision.

At leading bookstores. *Price $3 Postpaid*

Central Fixation Publishing Company
383-N Madison Avenue New York City

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN, by Wilhelm Boelsche

A clear, strong, simple summary not only of Darwin's theory but of the work of a generation of scientists along the lines Darwin opened up. Just what a busy man wants to give him a bird's-eye view of Evolution. Cloth, illustrated, 60 cents by mail. Catalog free.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

MT. AIRY COMMUNITY

IF Cooperation has a weakness

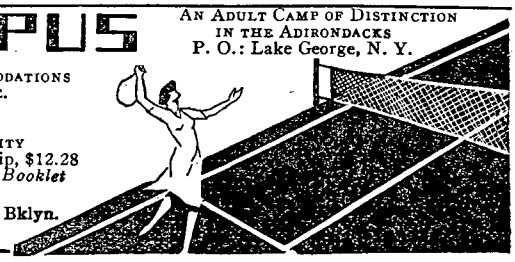
It lies in the unwillingness of men and women to share the responsibilities of others. The combination that works best is where individual freedom and financial responsibility exist with like-minded men and women grouped together in a small area. *MT. AIRY furnishes such a combination;* a community based upon individual freedom and voluntary cooperation. Lots 100 x 100 from $350 up. Located at Croton-on-Hudson. A beautiful place and one hour from Grand Central Station. 100 trains daily.

Enquire HARRY KELLY, 70 Fifth Ave., Tel. Chelsea 0432

SUMMER PLACES

SCOPUS
THREE-MILE LAKE
SPLENDID ACCOMMODATIONS
LIMITED CLIENTELE.
SUPERIOR CUISINE.
DIETARY LAWS
EVERY SPORT FACILITY
Fare, Round Trip, $12.28
Write for Unique Booklet
SCOPUS
135 Remsen St., Bklyn.
Main 5243

AN ADULT CAMP OF DISTINCTION IN THE ADIRONDACKS
P. O.: Lake George, N. Y.



TIMBERLAND
IN THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS
The Camp Purposely Limited to a Congenial Group of 40
Bungalows and Main House modern in every respect. Rate $27 per week.
Excellent facilities and equipment for all camp sports; also golf.
Round Trip Fare to Riverside, N. Y., station, $13.27.
MORRIS HARKAVY
ESTHER R. KAPLAN
N. Y. Office, 55 West 42nd St.
Pennsylvania 7663
Mail your reservations to POTTERSVILLE, N. Y.

FRENCH SCHOOL

Château-Neuvic School

A Church School for American Boys preparing for American Colleges.
Wholesome country life organized in a historic feudal castle.
American standards of hygiene and diet; yearly tuition $1,200.
Full sports program, including crew.
The Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Bishop of American Churches in Europe, Chairman of Board of Trustees.
Address: Dr. Conrad Chapman, Head Master, Chateau-Neuvic, Neuvic-sur-l'Isle, Dordogne, France

MISCELLANEOUS

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS Direct from the Makers at Manufacturer's Price
Suit Lengths Cut to Order. Price $2.20 per Yard. Postage Paid
NEWALL, 150 Stornoway, Scotland. Write for patterns stating shades desired

Is there something you want that you can't quite afford---

A new tennis racquet, a kodak, one or two of the latest books, some extravagant trifle for your summer wardrobe?

Many *Nation* readers have found that they can earn extra money for extra pleasures by taking advantage of our exceptional offer to reader-agents. Why not try it yourself?

Dept. 11
THE NATION
20 Vesey Street, New York
What is your exceptional offer to reader-agents?
Name .....
Address .....
.....

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED